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E ANGLICAN AGONY
—SEE PAGE 1168

OCTOBER 14, 1977

NATIONAL REVIEW

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ROBERT ELEGANT

THOUGHT CONTROL IN MAO'S CHINA

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

Panama Duck ♦ Humphrey
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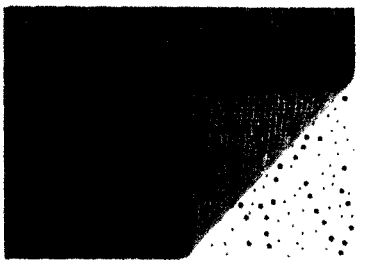

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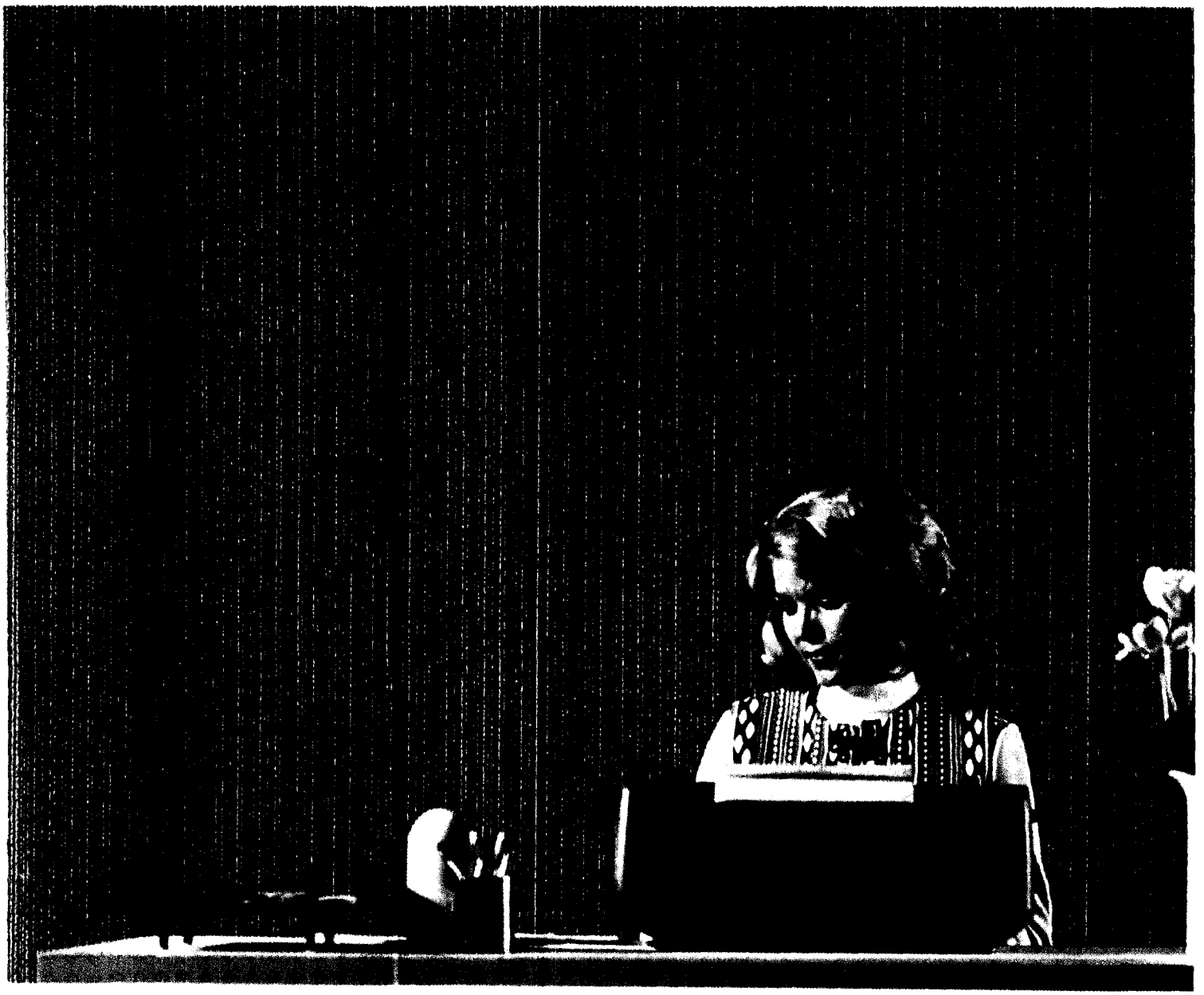

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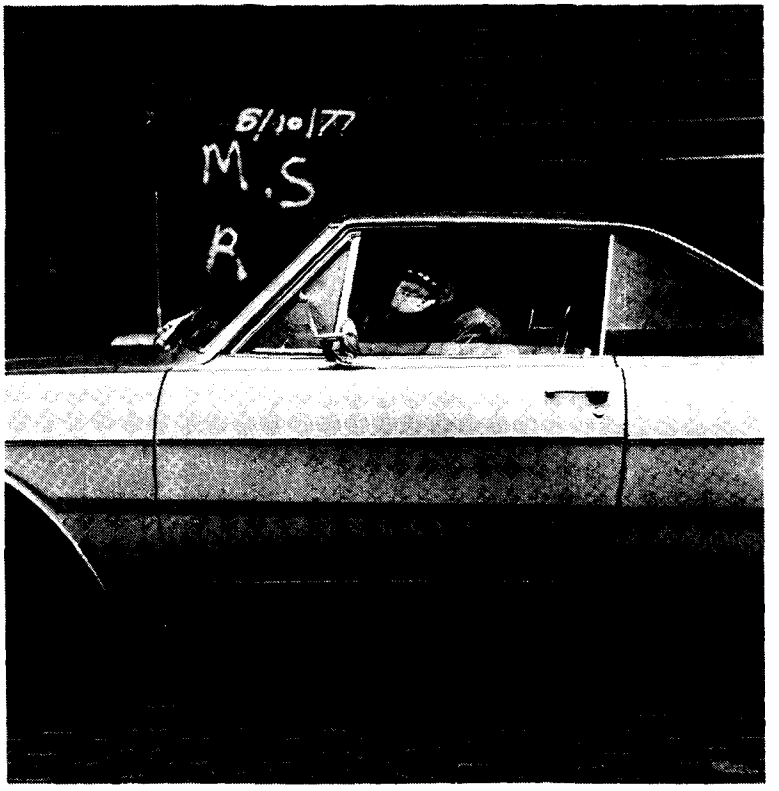
ORGANIZED CRIME IS NOW THE BIGGEST CAR THIEF. AND THEY'RE NOT GOING FOR JOYRIDES.

Organized crime has found a new bonanza.

The stolen cars they don't send abroad for profits in the black market or peddle in "steal-to-order" circles are broken down and sold here for parts. (And we all know what parts go for.) Others are used as transportation in robberies or in the drug traffic.



The magnitude is frightening, too.

Last year, alone, 1,000,000 cars were driven away by people who didn't own them. (About 1/10 as many as were bought.) Oddly, 15% of the cars stolen had their keys in a very convenient place: the ignition.

The future may be a little less bleak, though. Thanks to the cooperation of government agencies under a Federal Interagency Committee and to the National Automobile Theft Bureau and local committees backed by the insurance industry. They've been giving help to the public on ways to protect their cars. And trying to get the public to cooperate in the apprehension of car thieves. The Travelers Office of Consumer Information would be glad to put you in touch with the National Automobile Theft Bureau to help set up a committee in your area. Just write our Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Conn. 06115. Or dial, toll-free, 800-243-0191. In Connecticut, call collect, 277-6565.

Maybe we can get some of those car thieves behind bars instead of behind the wheels of our cars.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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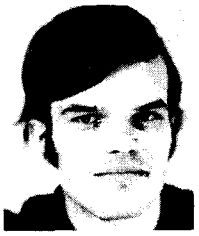

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The creed of the Episcopal Church in the U.S. seems to some of its members to reduce to "Blowin' in the Wind" (or maybe "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right"). They've split. *Sheldon Moody Smith*

1167 **Eternal China, Eternal Conspiracies**
The ironies are rich: a totalitarian nation brooking no dissent, but too turbulent to be governable, let alone dependable as an ally; the official grandiosities about inexorable historical forces, belied hourly by fluctuations and intrigues that make it impossible to be certain who's in, who's out, for how long. (Teng, as we go to press, is in.) The situation renders dubious all the slogans about "normalizing" relations with Peking. *Robert S. Elegant*

1173 **Thought Control in Mao's China**
An interview with a Chinese intellectual offers a surprising (one might say surprisingly grim) answer to the question why there is no Chinese Solzhenitsyn. The whole nation, so widely thought of as "progressive," is run by the equivalent of the Ku Klux Klan, and the absence of dissent does not mean the prevalence of contentment. *William Berkson*

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Cover design by James W. O'Bryan

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Letters

Second Spring

I greatly appreciated Stephen J. Tonsor's warning to conservatives about the unworkability of a conservative-populist nexus ["The Second Spring of American Conservatism," Sept. 30]. Even if his own touch of elitism sits a bit strangely on a man who thinks—or at least is willing to write—of the Oxford Movement as "an obscure corner of ecclesiastical history," his warning was most welcome to those of us who always find it unsettling when someone of patrician tastes rhetorically implies that he is *of* the hardhats, not merely with them.

Even more important in the long run, perhaps, is Mr. Tonsor's compilation of the current thought on the future of Marxism. How reassuring it would be, if only we were certain the West could pull together to take advantage of the Marxists' unexpected weaknesses!

Belmont, Mass. GERVASE THOMSON

The Breeder Reactor

I wish to commend your magazine for publishing the excellent article by Bernard L. Cohen, "The Case for the Breeder Reactor" [Sept. 16]. It is accurate in its factual content and telling in its political insight.

The breeder reactor appears to be the most promising energy source for the near future. The present Administration policy which closes out this important energy option at a time when the United States is facing a critical energy shortfall is absurd.

I hope that this article will be instrumental in reversing the Carter Administration's policy decision to suspend development of the breeder reactor. If this decision stands, I believe it will prove to be the most colossal blunder in the history of American scientific policy.

Scranton, Pa. FRANK MURRAY
Associate Professor of Physics
University of Scranton

In the "Case for the Breeder Reactor" Bernard Cohen presents arguments which are correct and persuasive. He spreads illumination in which it is difficult for nightmares to prevail. He fails, however, to compare the cost of a conventional breeder with that of other nuclear reactors.

In nuclear reactors capital costs account for the greatest portion of the cost of electricity. The fast breeder has been oversupplied with talent and money. After a third of a century it is still only a promise.

The Canadians developed a more modest and economically successful reactor: CANDU (Canadian Deuterium Reactor). It suffers from the NIH (Not Invented Here) disease. It is one of several reactors that could solve the continued supply of nuclear fuel by using abundant thorium rather than uranium for the chief raw material.

We should not abandon the plutonium breeder. Our FFTF (Fast Flux Test Facility) is adapted to research on fast-neutron reactors, which is the main point in the fast plutonium breeder. But we should place more of our bets on the horse with the best track record: the thorium cycle using slow, easily controlled neutrons.

Livermore, Calif. EDWARD TELLER
Professor Emeritus
University of California

In Memoriam

Your memoir of C. D. Batchelor [Sept. 30] was like Batch—elegant, clear, and on point.

Who of our generation could ever forget the combination of his cartoons and Reuben Maury's editorials?

J. M. Patterson found them, inspired them, and led them to make the *Daily News* editorial page unique.

Curiously, though I spent many an hour among the three of them in their greatest years, it never occurred to me to say they were courtly and Victorian—but that's exactly what they were, all three. (And if any moderns mistake gentlemanly style for weakness, take a look at "Come on up. I used to know your daddy.") It was natural with them to be so, and everybody was busy, anyhow. Thank you for the reminder.

Washington, D.C. FRANK C. WALDROP

The Treaty . . .

In "The Proposed Treaty: Preliminary Thoughts" [Sept. 16] you quote Senator Goldwater as saying: "I would have said we should fight for the Canal, if necessary. But the Vietnam years have taught me that we wouldn't."

How quaintly defeatist. I remember that some time back you rebuked Nixon, Ford, et al. for taking such pessimistic views, and charged them with a lack of leadership, and unwillingness to even try to arouse opinion and mobilize the public mind in favor of dynamic policies. I guess times must have changed.

Your assumptions about the vainness of fighting the treaty might be accurate, but I don't buy them. Republics are always possessed by self-doubts about standing up for their interests. A republic's citizens just need leaders. As long as there are still some souls to fight for a cause, that cause

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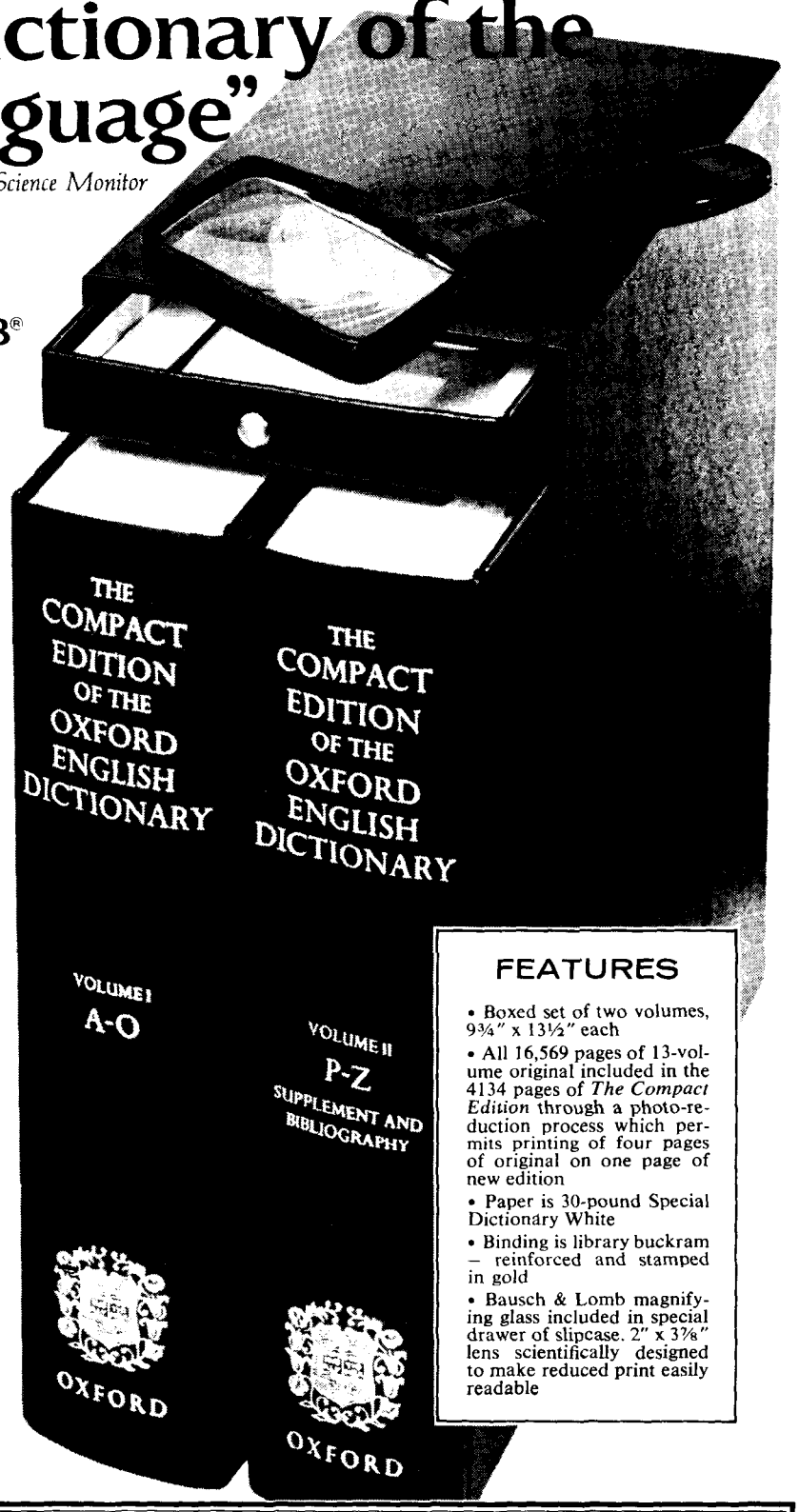

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New York, N.Y. L. F. MARES

. . . And the Canal

Defenders of the Panama Canal giveway treaty often refer to the supposed vulnerability of the Canal. May I comment? I am an engineer, spent well over a year in the Republic of Panama just before World War II, and made numerous trips from Panama to Colon along the Canal, by train, water, and air.

The three vulnerable spots in the Canal are the locks, at Gatun, Pedro Miguel, and Miraflores. The locks extend over but a limited area, a few hundred yards each way, and are no harder to protect from unauthorized entry than the White House —if we control the Canal and Canal Zone as now. The locks are of the most massive construction, huge affairs of concrete and steel, and any idea that a stray saboteur could destroy them by a couple of hand grenades is too silly to waste time on. It would take a day or so of unhindered work by a skilled demolition team to plant the necessary explosives, quite out of the question as long as our people control the Canal Zone.

The real danger to the Canal would be if the Panamanians control the Canal and wish to hurt us, as well they might. They could bring in the necessary demolition team, or simply let the water out of Gatun Lake, thus putting the Canal out of operation for months, perhaps years, until it filled up again. Gatun Lake is no mill pond; it covers almost two hundred square miles.

Staten Island, N.Y. PHILIP O'KEEFE

Disputation

When G. K. Chesterton died, a message of condolence was sent by the Vatican to the English people. In it Pius XI referred to the deceased as "a defender of the Faith." The British press made no reference to this phrase when it published the Pope's telegram. It was considered improper to bestow a royal title on a commoner.

For the same very good and sound reason I was shocked to see in the June 24 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW an editorial entitled "Salve Regina." While I fully agree with the contents of the editorial I do sincerely object to that title. It is completely out of order to offer to any mere sovereign on this earth a salutation traditionally reserved to the Queen of Heaven and the Mother of God.

By all means give honor and praise to Elizabeth II. She deserves much. But only so much.

New York, N.Y. REV. PETER M. CREHAN

In the book review entitled "Pidgin Religion" [Sept. 2] Chilton Williamson Jr. says: ". . . left-wing ideology is 75 per cent Christian Science—that is to say, it boils down to the belief that mind is supreme over matter. . ." I found this highly offensive, being born and raised a practicing Christian Scientist.

My whole family, as well as the overwhelming majority of my fellow Christian Scientists, are staunch conservatives. The *Christian Science Monitor* may have liberal views, but it does not reflect the majority thinking of the Christian Scientists I have known.

Dallas, Tex. JOHN J. DAVIS

The Test Ban Arpeggio

Reading Messrs. Cohen and Van Cleave on "The Nuclear Test Ban" [July 8] cannot but remind one of the debate preceding the atmospheric test ban treaty in 1963. Listening to the arguments was (then, as now) like listening to a brilliant piano arpeggio. Unlike a chord, whose beauty comes from the simultaneous playing of a pattern of harmonious notes, the arpeggio creates a sharp passing thrill by the rapid playing in sequence of a series of notes which, if played together, would result in an intolerable dissonance:

First Note: The Treaty is a "first step toward ending the arms race."

Second Note: It will "freeze the U.S. advantage" in small weapons for which we need no further testing.

Third Note: The USSR will accept this in order to channel more resources into economic development.

Fourth Note: Anyway the USSR specializes in big weapons and needs no more testing.

Fifth Note: Then why not just stop testing? Answer: We tried that and the USSR resumed.

Sixth Note: If we can't monitor unilateral cessation, how will we monitor a Treaty (their intelligence on us is better than ours on them)? —Don't confuse political intelligence with technology. Our technical monitoring is unexcelled.

Seventh Note: Anyway the Treaty is an important symbol.

Eighth Note: And while it slows down the arms race it won't prevent us from developing an ABM.

Ninth Note: Why an ABM? —That's a concession to obtain Senate ratification.

Tenth Note: But won't the treaty make ABM development costlier and more difficult? —Yes, but McNamara says we can "design around that."

Eleventh Note: How about the Russians? —They'll do the same.

Twelfth Note: What about their plan to divert resources to economic development? —That's their problem.

Thirteenth Note: Then the Treaty won't really freeze nuclear development? —No, but it'll slow it down.

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Fourteenth Note: Then how can we be sure the result will be to our advantage? —Don't worry. We have enough "to kill them several times over."

Fifteenth Note: And they us? —Of course, but that would be insane.

Sixteenth Note: Do they agree? —They are not insane.

Seventeenth Note: Then why will we continue underground testing? —Because we promised the Senate. The advantage of the treaty is that is doesn't prevent our continued nuclear development.

Eighteenth Note: Then what does the Treaty accomplish? —It is an important political symbol.

Nineteenth Note: Of what? —Of a beginning toward the end of the arms race.

Da capo.

Beautiful? Now try playing it all as one chord, or as background for the present state of the U.S.-USSR nuclear relationship.

Washington, D.C. NORMAN B. HANNAH

Taking Umbrage

If it's still possible to take umbrage I do so, at your editorial attacking William Safire's comments on Bert Lance's difficulties, financial, ethical, or whatever ["Conservative Sensationalism," Sept. 16].

Mr. Safire is indeed the *N.Y. Times'* "token conservative," and let us be grateful that conservative thought is so robustly represented in the *Times*. I won't presume to argue substance with you, not knowing the full facts of the Lance case. (Does anyone?) But I want to enter a demurrer against criticism of a conservative by the nation's (and perhaps the world's) leading conservative journal. That is a luxury conservatives—or even Republicans—can ill afford in their minority position.

Drawing on the Popular Front slogan, I'll suggest a proper theme for conservatives: *pas d'ennemis à droit.* There are quite a few historical lessons to be learned from the Left: one is unity; another the utility of selective indignation.

Journalistic purity is one thing (and very scarce it is), and ideological purity another. Where *NR* is concerned I'll take the latter any time.

Miami, Fla. HOWARD HUNT

Your essay "Conservative Sensationalism" discusses what you allege to be petty and misdirected fault-finding by William Safire. It seems, on your analysis, that while Mr. Lance is culpable in his public actions, his private business dealings are no worse than any other person's in his circumstances. Do you discuss his bank overdrafts? His personal use of corporate aircraft? His credit extension policies that the Chemical and Manufacturers Hanover found so lax?

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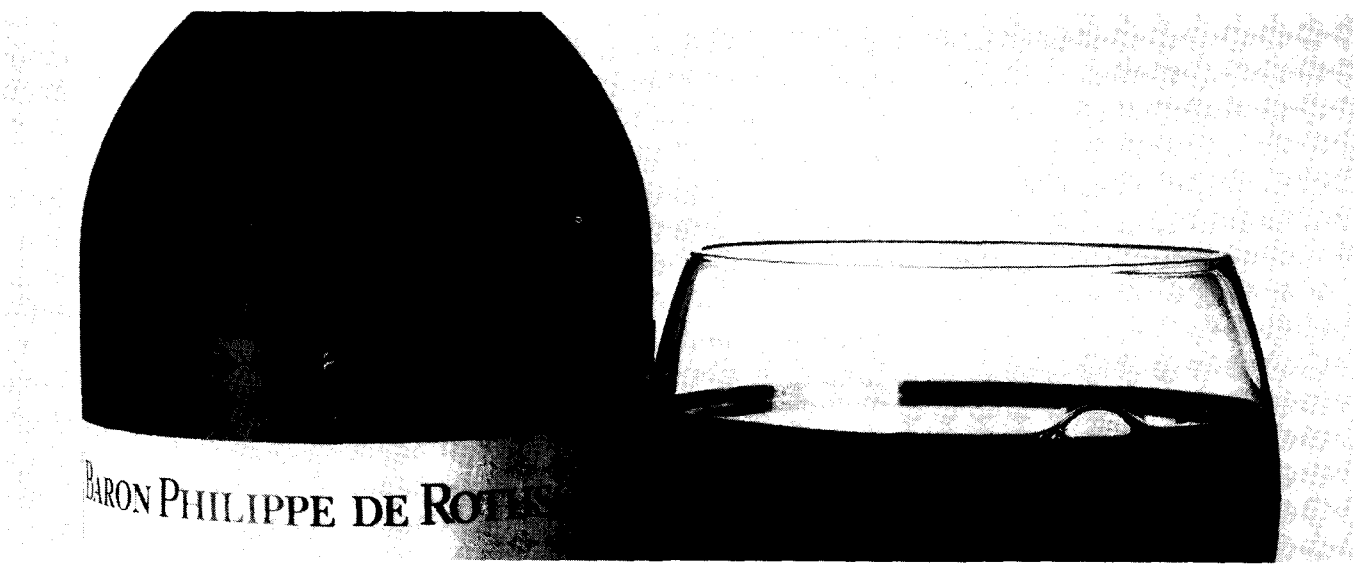

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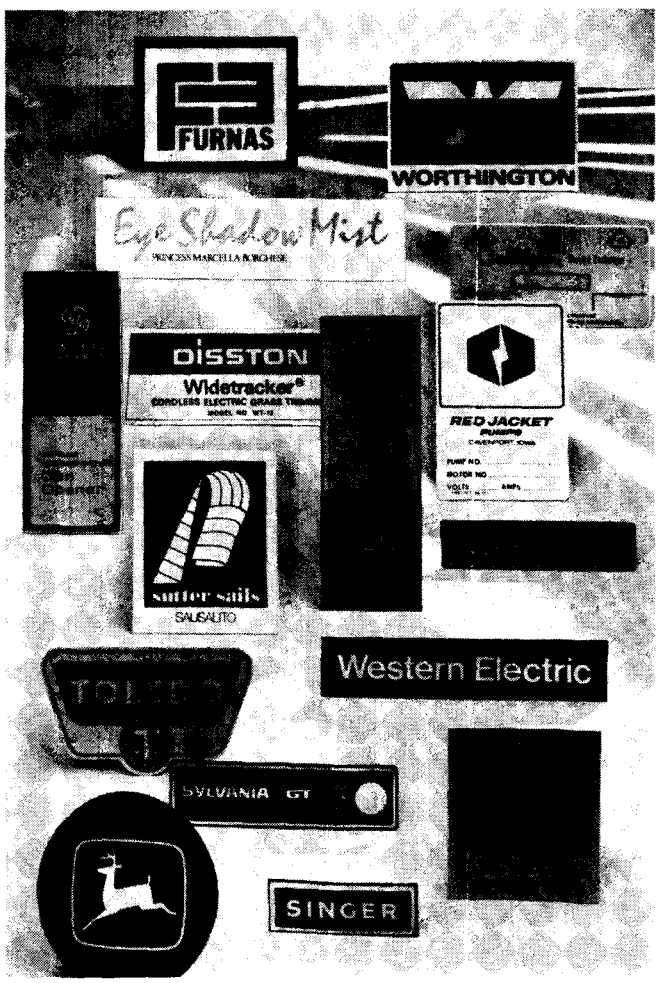

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No. All that you attempt to defend are his dealings with the First National Bank of Chicago.

Your essay fails to address any of Mr. Lance's business dealings other than those with the First and devotes more attention to defending that bank's practices than to defending Mr. Lance.

Roselle, Ill. JOHN ADAMS

"Conservative Sensationalism" concluded that "the nation would be better served if the press were less petty about the private financial affairs of public officials and more critical of their public statements and actions . . ." I respectfully submit that, in fact, the nation can best be served by men of indisputable soundness of judgment and personal integrity, and by a press which promotes these high standards.

During the last presidential campaign, this nation was promised an Administration full of men and women who, like Caesar's wife, were above even suspicion of wrongdoing. Yet the investigations into the affairs of Bert Lance not only made his past suspect, but challenged his inherent ability to oversee this nation's budget, just as Safire and others had suggested as early as three months ago. While an executive officer of two Georgia banks, and as a candidate for governor of that state, Lance had substantial public and semi-public responsibilities to his shareholders, depositors, and potential constituents. To declare this period of Lance's past "private" is terribly wrongheaded.

In all of this the public stands to be the real beneficiary, not because of Mr. Lance's stepping down (indeed his fiscally conservative voice will be missed by many of us) but because this entire affair may well instigate some desirable banking reforms. The blame for the existence of unsound banking practices accrues not only to Mr. Lance himself, but also to the banks and to legislators and regulators who permit lax procedures.

For the Carter Administration, six months in Washington has proven to be an education of the most excruciating kind. Carter is realizing that Washington is far from Plains, and that the rules of the game are very different there.

Washington, D.C. CHARLES E. GRASSLEY
Congressman (R., Iowa)

Eager to Meet Ewe

We enjoyed Michael Barton's "Love Among the Brains" [July 22], but he missed our all-time favorite among *New York Review of Books* personals:

> A SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, SINCERE forty-five-year-old bachelor, economically secure, seeks highly charged sheep with plaintive bleat and good manners. NYR Box 12209.

FAITH & STEPHEN WILLIAMS
Boulder, Colo.

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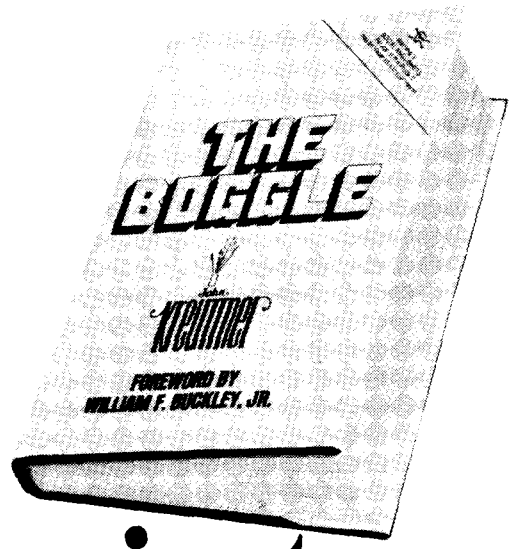
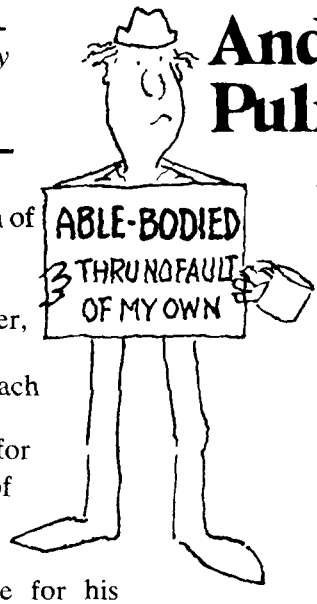
Approximately one out of ten people reading this page will call this the funniest book of the decade.



Foreword by William F. Buckley, Jr.

And would vote John Kreuttner a Pulitzer Prize, if only they could.



"The function of government," says John Kreuttner, "is to make certain that each citizen is held accountable for the actions of every other citizen, and unaccountable for his own." Mr. Kreuttner has been poking fun at the purveyors of Newspeak, both inside and outside of government, for more than four decades. His hilarious cartoons in *National Review* earned him accolades as the most gifted satirist the Right has ever produced. Now he has put together his crowning achievement: a delightful collection of his best drawings, past and present, which he bills as "a jocular report dealing with dishevelled verbosity, exhortatory overshoots, and high-level think streaking."

Liberals had better beware. John Kreuttner is on to them. He may even get them laughing at themselves.

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY

"You can't go wrong."—*Douglas Corrigan*
"Do they call this Building Bridges?"—*Leonid Brezhnev*
"Another Pinko casting suspersions on our President."—*Archie Bunker*
"Six pages are blank on one side."—*Bess Myerson*
"Nothing dirty in it. Hardly worth plowing through."—*William O. Douglas*
"I'm afraid this calls for Objectivity."—*David Susskind*
"Where's the centerfold?"—*Helen Gurley Brown*
"If he can't stand the heat, why doesn't he take off for Antarctica?" —*William F. Buckley, Jr.*
"Available but obnoxious ideas are Inherently Unavailable." —*Gunnar Myrdal*
"He maliciously flouts my canon that news is what I say it is." —*David Brinkley*
"Bess Myerson, of course, can't even count."—*Betty Furness*
"He hops around a lot, but he's no swinger."—*Henry Kissinger*
"Sort of lumpy and raucous, but who isn't?"—*Bella Abzug*
"Why doesn't he go jump in the lake?"—*Edward M. Kennedy*
"I'm not mad at anybody!"—*Idi Amin*

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Win some, lose some on the **Panama Treaty** issue. Sen. **Alan Cranston**, the Majority Whip and **Jimmy Carter**'s man on the floor on this one, has made one inroad on Southern intransigence. Sen. **Ernest Hollings** (S.C.) is the first of 22 Deep South senators to come out in favor of the pact. . . . Cranston, though more bullish than Majority Leader **Robert Byrd**, admits he's short of the 66 votes needed for ratification. Byrd admits that his own mail is running "4,000 to six against." . . . On the Republican side, Sen. **Robert Griffin** (Mich.) suggests opponents of the Canal may try to get a national referendum on the matter to see how the people feel about it. (Right now the polls show them overwhelmingly against.) . . . Panama has become an issue in the Virginia gubernatorial election with **Henry Howell**, the Democrat, campaigning for ratification and his opponent **John Dalton** coming out against. . . . Although **George Meany** has put the national AFL-CIO into Carter's camp on this issue, **Frank Fitzsimmons**, head of the Teamsters union, is against the Treaty.

■ Democratic Senate leaders have set **October 15** as "tentative" adjournment date for this session of Congress. Major legislation still to be enacted, according to Robert Byrd, is the energy bill, Social Security financing, and an increase in the federal debt ceiling. . . . A majority of the House last week voted down a **$83 billion hike** in the debt ceiling—fun while it lasted, but it won't be for long. . . . Also in the House, Speaker **Tip O'Neill** has some good news. He says instant registration and the consumer protection agency are both dead for this season. . . . Jimmy Carter's new welfare program looking bad. Finance Committee Chairman **Russell Long** doesn't buy White House claims that it will cost only $6 billion more than the present house of horrors. "We'd better be prepared for an actual cost of $60 billion or even $120 billion" he says. . . . Finally a sad note for federal bureaucrats from **Dr. Gallup**: 67 per cent of Americans, he says, believe bureaucrats don't work as hard as people in the private sector; 67 per cent also believe there are too many bureaucrats.

Harpur, *Punch* Rothco

"Sorry, we are out of Peace—those are Armed Neutrality, Conditional Withdrawal, and Uneasy Ceasefire."

■ Eighty–one congressmen, ranging from **Jack Kemp**, **Bob Bauman**, and **Barry Goldwater Jr.** on the Right to **Claude Pepper**, **Philip Burton** and **Elizabeth Holtzman** on the Left, have written the U.S. Olympic Committee to express their concern that **Israel** will be frozen out of the Moscow 1980 Olympics as the result of a Soviet-Third World campaign to oust them from the various Olympic federations. . . . The protest came as **Lord Killanin**, head of the International Olympics Committee, journeyed to Peking to try to persuade Red China to rejoin the Games. . . . In Moscow, meantime, it was announced that the Soviet concession for an official 1980 Olympic medal has gone to **Armand Hammer** of Occidental Petroleum, a long time Soviet supporter.

■ More pressure on South Africa. The European Economic Community, at the instigation of British Foreign Secretary **David Owen**, has adopted an anti-apartheid code for all EEC companies doing business with South Africa. . . . In Geneva, a group of **American Indians** has charged the FBI and the CIA with "committing more murders than any organized crime organization." . . . In **Nigeria**, a large number of springy whips have been passed out to the military the better to whip recalcitrant motorists into shape. . . . **Marvin Alisky**, of the *Tempe Daily News*, reports that Lesotho now has a "Ministry of Information, Broadcasting and Prisons." . . . And President **Didier Ratsiraka** of Madagascar (formerly the Malagasy Republic, even more formerly Madagascar) accuses the United States of nitpicking. Says Ratsiraka: "We have nationalized far more property belonging to France and to Madagascar capitalists than property belonging to U.S. citizens."

■ Back in New York, where they should know better, United Nations Secretary General **Kurt Waldheim** has presented **Leonid** (Prague Spring) **Brezhnev** with the UN Gold Medal for "consistent and fruitful activity for peace."

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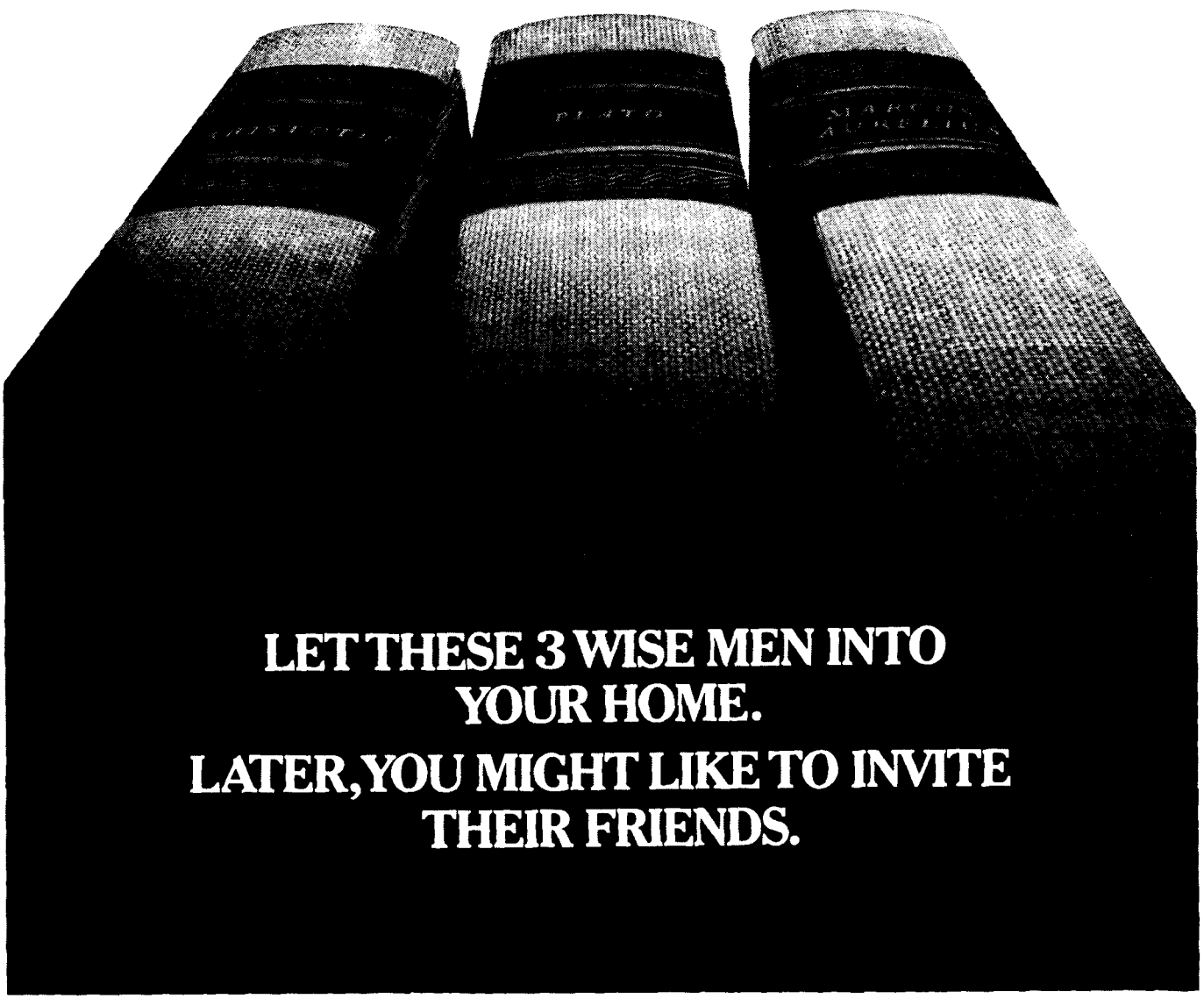

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THE WEEK

■ TITS ON A BOAR DEPT.: Proclaiming October 9 "Leif Erikson Day," Jimmy Carter referred to Erikson as "that courageous Norseperson." Bet he wouldn't have said that to his face.

■ Despite the solid House vote (246-162) authorizing funds for the Clinch River (Tenn.) breeder reactor, the U.S. nuclear reactor industry is in deep trouble: almost no orders. In 1976 there were just three orders for new nuclear power plants, so far this year four. The reason: regulations that stretch out the delivery time to more than ten years and greatly increase the cost, intense environmentalist opposition, and what the nuclear industry perceives as an anti-nuclear stance on the part of the Carter Administration. The bleak outlook for the U.S. nuclear industry could dismantle the advanced technology in this field that has been amassed since World War II. Should present trends continue, the French nuclear reactor industry looks like a good investment.

■ It was certainly a surprise, but the normally liberal Brookings Institution recently published some common-sense suggestions for U.S. defense policy. Acknowledging the tremendous Soviet military buildup, including a "five-fold" increase in nuclear power since 1964, the Brookings study advocates a "selective" defense response. The study cites particular weaknesses in Europe and the Middle East, and recommends strong improvement in naval, tactical air, and conventional army forces in those areas. "There would be danger to NATO," the study concluded, even if there were warning of an impending attack by Warsaw Pact countries.

■ California elects a new governor in 1978, and one of the most explosive issues is sure to be what to do about the influx of illegal aliens. No matter what side Governor Jerry Brown comes down on, it's bound to cost him, either by alienating the California growers who rely on illegals to bring in their crop or by angering the 82 per cent of the population that favors punishing employers who hire illegals. So Brown is wisely straddling the fence, tilting ever so slightly in the direction of the growers by having his aides say that the state will not require aliens to produce proof of legal entry before referring them to jobs. But asked whether he favors a law to halt the flow of illegals, Brown humbly says he doesn't want to act "without first obtaining the benefit of President Carter's wisdom and the resources at his command" on the issue. In only three years, California's governor has evolved from guru to old-time pol.

■ According to Douglas Kinnard's soon-to-be-published book, *The War Managers* (University Press of New England), the majority of U.S. Army generals who served in Vietnam from 1965 to 1972 are as regretful as the majority of Cyrus Vance's State Department that the United States ever became embroiled in the Vietnam War. Mr. Kinnard, himself a former brigadier general in the Indochina theater, sent questionnaires to 173 generals, and made a number of interesting discoveries: e.g., that 58 per cent of his respondents believe that the military tactics employed by the U.S. in Vietnam were either "not sound" or "sound when first implemented, not later"; that a mere 8 per cent believe that the ARVN was an acceptable fighting force; and that 53 per cent now believe either that the war was not worth the cost or that the U.S. should have restricted itself to a purely advisory capacity. Even General William C. Westmoreland is in agreement with this last opinion, although he adds that he bases his assessment upon the fact that "we weren't allowed to win [the war]." According to Westmoreland and to 61 per cent of the generals who responded to Kinnard's queries, enemy body count was frequently inflated and often grossly exaggerated; it was an index, said Westmoreland, that was adopted in the early 1960s in order to "appease the press." This latter institution came in for harsh criticism from Kinnards' respondents, 89 per cent of whom said that in their opinion newspaper coverage of the war was either wholly or in part irresponsible, and 91 per cent of whom claimed that TV coverage was either twisted or sensationalized.

■ The lists of Illinois Republicans include two people who bear the name James Richard Thompson. The coincidence causes little confusion, however, because the two Thompsons have thoughtfully provided several easy ways of distinguishing between them. One Thompson is 6′ 6″, liberal, white, and the governor of Illinois; the other is 5′ 5″, conservative, black, and not the governor of Illinois. Up until a few weeks ago, the shorter of the two was a stalwart of the Illinois Democratic Party and served as election chief of Sangamon County in central Illinois. In the middle of September he decided to plunge in earnest into public service: he called a press conference in Springfield, Illinois to announce that, having "come to know firsthand the local Democratic organization," he had decided to join the party of Abraham Lincoln. "I want to sell conservative Republican ideas to fellow black citizens in particular because I think they want to hear, finally, the plain bitter truth: that we have followed the Democratic Party blindly for forty years and we've paid the price for that blindness in increased isolation and dependence. . . The stereotype that 'black' and 'Democrat' are synonymous must be erased." Republicans would be wise to pay heed to this Jim Thompson. Springfield has been a happy breeding ground for Republicans in the past.

■ Jeremiah Chirau and Edgar Musikavanhu are Rho-

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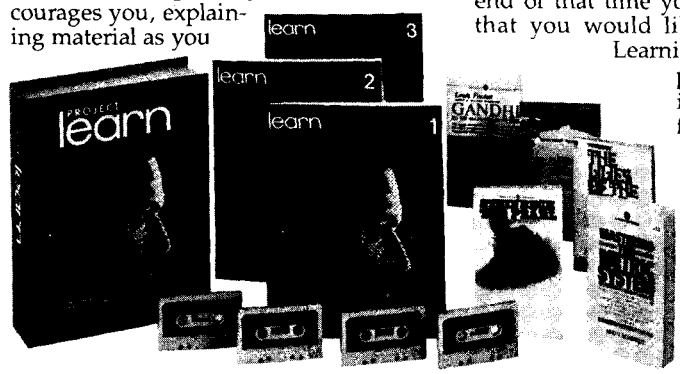

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

One hates to add anything to the reams of wretched drivel pumped out by a post facto press corps desperate to convince us—or perhaps itself—that it didn't have anything to do with hounding Bert Lance out of office. So what if headlines frequently screamed out charges that Lance might be an embezzler, or worse? That's what the Constitution is all about, isn't it? Watchdogs, they like to call themselves. But even well-trained watchdogs can become rabid. As Idi Amin might attest, once you've tasted human flesh the temptation lingers to try it again. And if you're someone like William Safire, who in recent years has watched some of his best friends being cannibalized, you might just decide to sink your teeth in.

Anyhow, if you lived and wrote in Washington during August and September, you had to say something about the Lance affair. And the only thing to say, really, is that everyone involved came out looking like a knave or an idiot. There was Senator Percy, listening to some small misleading voice which seemed to tell him to make it all into a personal crusade. And it is perhaps a telling comment on Percy's political acumen that he is now said to believe that his performance actually heightened his chances for the Republican presidential nomination. Then there was Percy's partner, Senator Ribicoff, who set the press pack off on the trail by accusing them in July of "smearing" Lance. That they may in fact have done so is not the point. Any national politician should know by now that to use the word "smear" in connection with the Washington press corps is to set a process in motion that inevitably leads to disgrace and resignation. As Lyndon Johnson pointed out, you can't fight the papers. They come out every day.

Nor, with a very few exceptions, were the performances of the other senators any more enlightening. Senator John Danforth made the relevant point: no one was sure what the Senate was doing, but, whatever it was, the Senate had no business doing it. Furthermore, it was downright embarrassing to watch the way in which it did what it shouldn't be doing, and one suspects that many Americans came to realize for the first time who really runs the Senate—not the senators themselves, but committee staffers. And, as the hearings demonstrated, these staffers frequently don't deign to tell the senators what they're supposed to be doing and saying.

Then, of course, there were the bureaucrats like Robert Bloom, whining about keeping his government job and confirming all our worst suspicions about the men who run our government. There was Jody Powell, making Ron Ziegler look like a statesman. And finally there was Jimmy Carter himself, making one of the most confused statements since Senator Kennedy explained his midnight dip. Bert Lance was a man of great integrity, he told us, and had done nothing wrong. The senators had done nothing wrong. The press corps had done nothing wrong. He himself had done nothing wrong. Therefore, the only sensible course of action was for Bert Lance to resign.

■ Meanwhile, pity poor Bert Lance. He made the mistake of putting the bureaucracy on the spot, and before it's all over they'll have his hide. At this writing, his life and affairs are being scrutinized by—count 'em—six federal organizations—the Justice Department, the IRS, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, the Federal Election Commission, and the Office of the Comptroller of the Currency. Not even St. Francis could stand up against that sort of press.

■ Good Senate races: George Roche, the articulate and personable president of Hillsdale College, is off and running for the Michigan seat being vacated by Senator Robert Griffin. The word from Michigan is that if Governor William Milliken stays out, Roche is in. . . . And in 1980, if Senator Barry Goldwater decides to step down, former Representative John Conlan intends to try to fill his boots. The only real obstacle is former Representative Sam Steiger, who upset Conlan for the senatorial nomination in 1976 in a primary race so bitter and divisive that the Democrats were able to sneak in in the general election. Steiger reportedly has had it with politics. But his dislike for Conlan is so intense that he may decide to run just to keep Conlan out of the Senate.

—CATO

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desians. Black Rhodesians. They wanted to come to the United States to address the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Heritage Foundation, and other conservative groups; but the State Department refused to grant them visas. The reason: Messrs. Chirau and Musikavanhu are Chief-Senators of the Rhodesian parliament, and the anti-Rhodesian sanctions of the UN forbid the granting of visas to Rhodesian officials. The two chiefs also happen to be exponents of a point of view—moderate and non-terrorist—which is not very popular with our Rhodesia policy-makers these days, but that of course had nothing to do with it. "Any suggestion that there was any political question involved is a baseless canard," declared Richard Moose, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs; why, he went on to point out, he had even met with one of them once, while touring with Andrew Young, and, we are invited to assume, survived the experience.

■ A little more luster came off the Carter halo when U.S. Attorney (for New Jersey) Jonathan L. Goldstein quit with a blast at the President and Attorney General Griffin Bell. Goldstein, a Nixon appointee, charged that Carter and Bell had "distorted, misled, concealed, and attempted to mislead the public. I am not going to remain silent." Known as one of the ablest federal prosecutors in the country, he said he had been pressured to quit to make room for Carterite Robert Del Tufo. "Your decision to ask for my resignation," he wrote Carter, "can only be interpreted as demonstrating that your Administration is either unable or unwilling to fulfill its public commitment to merit selection." Del Tufo is a favorite of Representative Peter Rodino (D., N.J.). Cronyism? Naw, said Hamilton Jordan: "We think Mr. Del Tufo is as qualified as Mr. Goldstein." That's merit for you: when qualified men step down to make room for equally qualified men.

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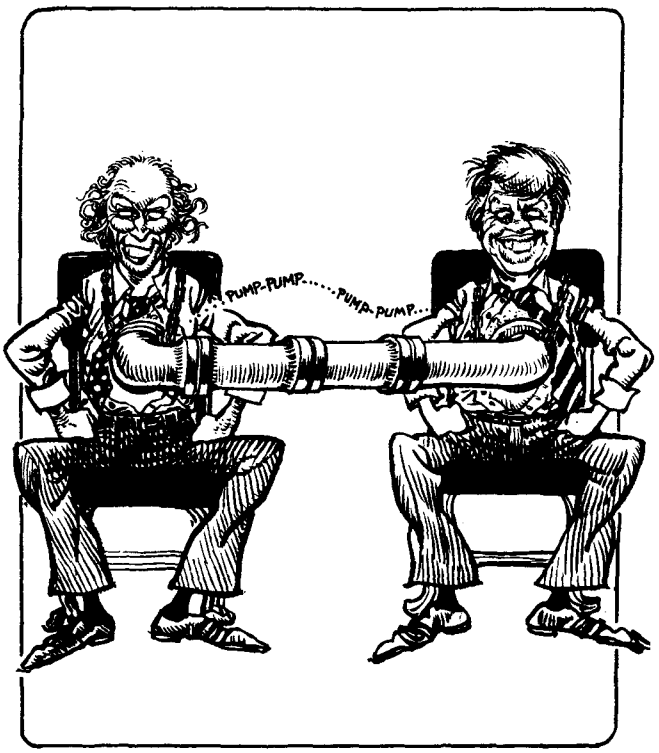

Blaine, *The Spectator* Rothco

Heart-to-Heart

■ The Soviets are training their sights on the U.S. cruise missile. 1) The FBI has arrested an American and a West German in Miami and charged them with trying to buy components of the American missile, far more advanced than its Soviet counterpart, for shipment to a Soviet agent in Cuba. 2) NATO sources report that the Soviets have started construction of new radar stations designed to track the ground-hugging missile.

■ A recent Gallup poll in Chile shows that 65 per cent of the people support the present military government and that only 12 per cent favor immediate elections. In reporting that story, the *Washington Post* points out that international Gallup polls are franchised by Gallup, and adds grudgingly that the questions have to be phrased as the parent organization would have phrased them. The *Post* finds it odd, therefore, that the results run counter to what is believed internationally. Query: Would the *Post* have questioned the validity of the poll if the Chileans had come out 65 per cent against Pinochet, and 88 per cent in favor of immediate elections?

■ Possibly as many as 50,000 "marginals"—i.e., alienated and unemployed young Italians who reject a society that they believe has rejected them—gathered at the Bologna City Hall to protest the Italian Communist Party's strategy of cooperation with the capitalist government. Much is being made, in a symbolic way, of the fact that the Communist Party was pretty much able to ignore a major demonstration in a city that has long been regarded as Italy's Communist showcase: this is supposedly yet another indication that the Communists are willing to pursue their "moderate" course toward socialism with a human face. Actually, the significance here is probably just the opposite. The demonstrators were, many of them, crazies: some of them wore Indian war paint, and the homosexual, feminist, and environmentalist Left was heavily represented, as were jugglers and other street people. This motley crew called for "a new Communism that the Party cannot provide," and, it appears, will not. The Communist Party, after all, is a hardheaded bunch, devoid of bourgeois sympathizing over the plight of effeminate hairdressers. The very fact that it turned a deaf ear to the Bologna demonstrators probably indicates not that it is going squishy soft, but that, as ever, it means business.

■ Jessica Mitford used to be a Communist, an avocation she recalls in the new volume of her autobiography. "I can hardly imagine living in America in those days," she writes, "and *not* being a member." *Newsweek* reviewer Robert Towers finds the book a humdinger, though conceding, "Questions will be raised about [her] relative indifference to the repressive aspects of world Communism." How's that for rhetorical muck? Talking about "repressive aspects of world Communism" is a bit like talking about "the dark side of Joseph Stalin," or "the less pleasant features of the Gulag Archipelago," to name a few other things Miss Mitford seems relatively indifferent to.

■ *Washington Post* headline: "House Reaffirms Its Rigid Anti-Abortion Stance." We'd have said: "House Stands Firm on Abortion Funding." But then of course we're not objective about it.

■ This week's Pecksniff Award goes to Mr. Derrick Daniels of *Playboy*, who, explaining that journal's declining circulation and profits, took a swipe at the "gutter filth" of the competition.

Carter Agonistes

President Carter still has more than three years to serve, but to some attentive observers he is beginning to resemble a political Karen Quinlan: some vital signs persist, recovery may be possible, but the general prognosis seems distinctly negative. Where the Carter Administration is concerned the snicker reaction is spreading, and it is probably a good thing from his own perspective that Carter is leaving the country for an 11-day global tour.

The tangled Bert Lance affair is the tip of the iceberg, important because of Carter's developing political vulnerability. Merely to list the Carter political failures to date is, well, breathtaking.

‣ The Senate Finance Committee at the present time is enjoying itself in carving up the Carter energy program, and Carter's TV appeal on the matter was gen-

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erally regarded as dismal. But Carter's tax reform and welfare reform proposals are also going nowhere. The Congress knows, even if the White House and Joseph Califano do not, that *increased* welfare spending is the political equivalent of the bubonic plague.

‣ Carter's initiatives for instant voter registration and for federal funding of congressional elections were defeated.

‣ Carter lost on Common Situs.

‣ The House has just rebuffed Carter on the breeder reactor, and if Carter vetoes the pro-nuclear appropriation he is in for an ugly tussle with Congress.

‣ The Carter Administration—as good, as loving, and as honest as the American people—has been unceremoniously rolled for large subsidies by the maritime union, a transparent political payoff for political support in 1976.

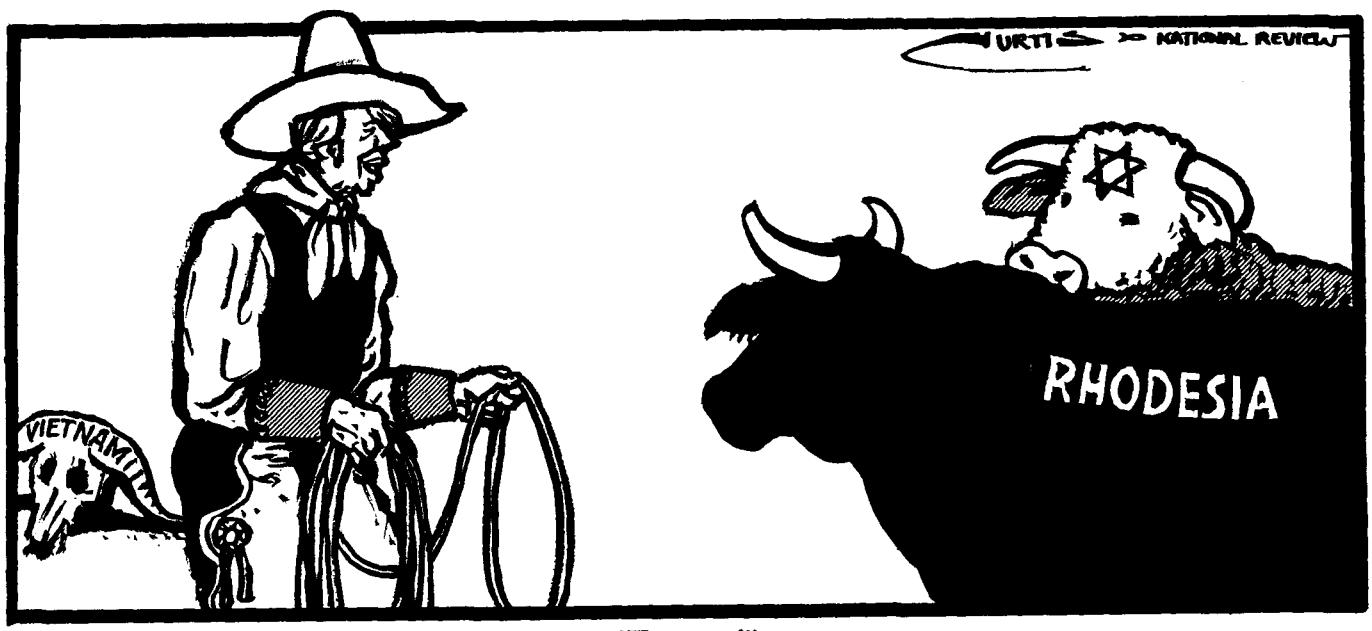
‣ The Administration brief on the Bakke case is a philosophical and political disaster, correctly characterized by columnist George Will as "the most ominous document concerning race to issue from the Federal Government in this century." Incredibly, the Carter Justice Department, caving in under liberal pressure and reversing an earlier public stand, has come out in favor of reverse discrimination against white Americans. It has argued that favored minorities should be given a privileged position in graduate school admissions, and its rationale here could be extended to every corner of American life.

Public enthusiasm for the Carter Administration position here surges toward something like 10 per cent. Polls consistently demonstrate that some 80 per cent of the American people are adamantly opposed to racial quotas. The Administration's Bakke position, if it prevails, would legitimize reverse discrimination for generations and turn American social and economic life into an ethnic battleground. On any sober view, the language of the Bakke brief would suggest that the Carter Administration positively desires to be defeated in 1980.

‣ The Administration is also courting political disaster on the Panama Canal treaties, a political fact entirely apart from whatever merit the treaties possess. Carter's initial all-court press for quick Senate approval has flopped completely. Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd, of all people, is uncommitted on the treaties, and is refusing to bring them to the floor this year at all. He says the treaties would lose, and told Carter so directly. At the present time there are said to be 29 unshakable No votes on the treaties. The issue thus will come to the floor, at the earliest, next year. But whether treaties opposed by 75 per cent of the public could be approved in 1978, an election year, is certainly a very good question. "The newly troubled President," observe columnists Evans and Novak, "must now confront the possible death of the treaties through inaction, with all that implies for the presidential leadership of Jimmy Carter." Finally, where Panama is concerned, the White House does not seem to have even considered the constitutional requirement that the House approve the transfer of U.S. property—a point on which the attorney generals of several states have already brought suit.

Looking ahead, both the Bakke reverse-discrimination issue and the Canal issue foreshadow electoral disaster in Carter's vital Southern base. Carter won by a hair in 1976 only because he swept the South. He actually *lost* in the national vote outside the South. From that perspective, Bakke and the Canal are potential disasters, as are Andrew Young, Castro, Taiwan, and southern Africa. More poisonous icing on the cake: the red-faced decision by the Administration, after PRM-10 surfaced, that, after all, West Germany would be defended.

Given this performance, the editorial comment of the *Wall Street Journal* seems mild, almost affirmative: "We hope he uses the occasion [of Bert Lance's departure] to



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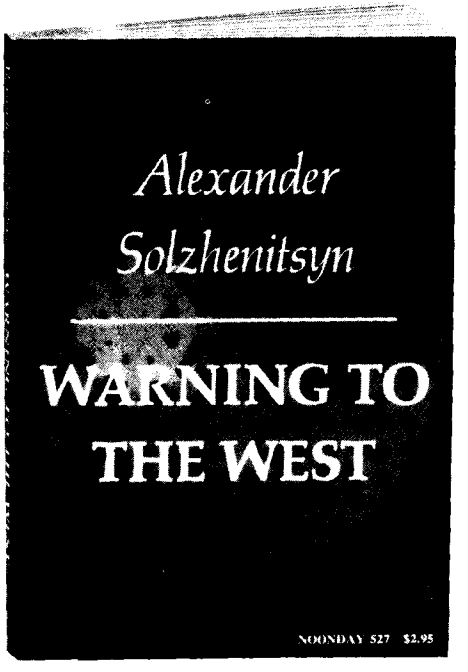

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take a broader look at the top-level organization of his government, moving to dispel the spreading impression that his Administration simply hasn't got its act together."

Which bring us back, full circle, to Bert Lance. He was cheered enthusiastically upon his return to Georgia, a local boy come in from the cold, but the can may still have plenty of worms in it. An ominous SEC investigation is in process. And *New York Times* columnist William Safire, who may be riding the Lance-Carter connection all the way to a Pulitzer Prize, now smells obstruction of justice involving top Carter aides. Safire has already begun to ask what Carter knew about this, and when he knew it.

Republicans and the Tide

One problem Carter does not face is a vigorous Republican opposition. With omens so impressively against the President—with clouds drizzling blood on the Capitol, and lionesses whelping in the streets—one would expect to see eager knots of Republican conspirators, trysting and sharpening their knives. Instead, there is confusion, acquiescence, sloth.

Kevin Phillips, in a column a month ago, considered three planks from recent Republican platforms: 1) support for an anti-busing amendment; 2) opposition to racial quotas; 3) opposition to any cession of the Panama Canal. Forget Panama, for a moment, given its particular complexities. The first two positions are backed by large majorities in the polls (70 to 75 per cent in favor of the busing amendment; 80 to 83 per cent against affirmative action quotas). These are anathema to the current Administration. Yet Republican leaders have done nothing to capitalize on the discrepancies. The House drive to bring the anti-busing amendment out of committee, for example, is being led by two Democrats (Ronald Mottl of Ohio and Carroll Hubbard of Kentucky). In the Bakke case, the Carter Justice Department has contributed a friend-of-the-court brief which, for all its hedging, comes out squarely in favor of reverse discrimination against whites; the Republican Party remains dumb. Phillips wraps up his analysis by comparing the Republican Party to their late, lamented ancestors, the Whigs. "They, too, tried to avoid social controversy, trying to squeeze the last unity out of a coalition shaped by the commercial geography of a bygone era. It didn't work."

It is no accident, of course, that the positions which Phillips scourges Republicans for slighting are ones which he himself endorses. Yet even from a pragmatic point of view, Republicans ought to pay him heed. A party which ignores majorities is a dead party. The two-party system works on the assumption that the minority party will cater to the disaffected. For the last thirty years, the disaffected have been located mainly on the Right. Yet the Republicans, bemused by the political geography of another era, have failed to appeal consistently to them.

Of course, several important Carter packages—energy, welfare—could not have been eviscerated without substantial Republican help; many individual Republican legislators have done yeoman service. Yet the leadership seems to come, as often as not, from Russell Long. If the Republicans expect to harness the tides now running for 1978, they will have to bestir themselves.

Unsalted

On October 3 the SALT-I interim agreement expired, leaving the United States and the Soviet Union without any formal treaty, accord, or agreement on disarmament and arms control apart from the indirectly related nuclear test ban limitation treaty. Each side declared publicly, in not very precise language, that it would go along with the terms of the expired agreement if the other side did, pending accord on SALT-II.

There is no mystery about where the trouble lies. Under SALT-I Moscow has gone ahead with development of advanced new weapons systems, including MIRVing of older heavyweight missiles, deployment of new more accurate and more massively protected missiles, the SS-18 potentially mobile system, new nuclear submarines with longer range and more accurate new missiles, the Backfire supersonic bomber with transcontinental range potential, and expanded civil defense measures.

Meanwhile the U.S. has for the most part marked time in actual deployed strategic defense. It has canceled the B-1 bomber without any counter-balancing Soviet concession, and has not started production of any of its newly developed and formidable advanced systems—in particular including the cruise missile (capable of being launched from land, air, sea, or undersea), the M-X (mobile) land-based missile system, and the Trident submarine.

Moscow, having already deployed and continuing to deploy its new weapons, insists on our agreeing to drop our new systems or (in the case of the cruise missile) to keep its range short enough to render it strategically ineffectual.

This seems to have proved almost too much even for Paul Warnke. The SALT talks deserve a long vacation.

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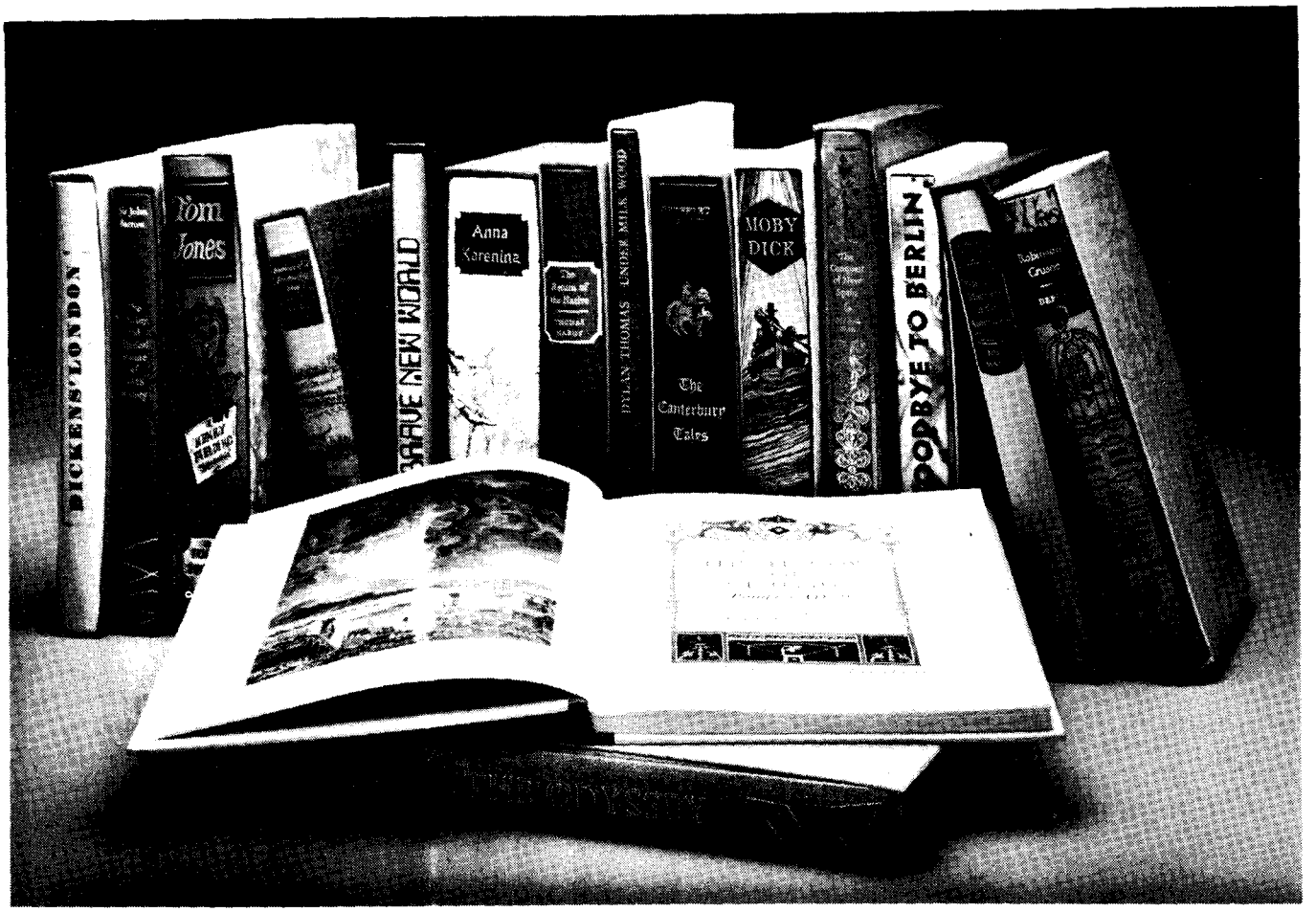

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Rootings and Uprootings

The new Vietnamese delegation to the UN got a warm welcome from the General Assembly, and particularly from Andrew Young, who makes Neville Chamberlain seem, in retrospect, like a hardliner. Young recalled his own support for "Vietnam's struggle for independence." The convivial Vietnamese ambassador, Nguyen Duy Trinh, reciprocated by pledging support for Puerto Rico's struggle for independence.

Trinh and his comrades got an even warmer welcome at a rally at Broadway's Beacon Theater, where the peace-loving peoples of the United States, including Cora Weiss, Ramsey Clark, Sam Brown, and Pete Seeger, gave standing ovations, sang songs, and otherwise expressed an enthusiasm undiminished by the recent trickle of anti-Vietnamese slanders circulated by various imperialist lackeys.

Elsewhere on the continent, meanwhile, more Vietnamese were arriving. These were not the people's representatives but reactionary elements, truants from the re-education camps of the New Vietnam. They are called "boat people," having preferred to take to sea in little skiffs rather than endure liberation. One of them told a *Washington Post* reporter of having smothered his infant niece unconscious to prevent her crying from endangering him and dozens of other refugees. Others told of floating for days on the South China Sea and living for months in tents on snake-infested beaches. Those who made it to safety are a minority of those who fled—only 5 per cent, by some estimates. They have received no welcome, diplomatic or festive.

Toujours gai

"Has the United States recovered from Vietnam?" asks Norman Podhoretz in an excellent article entitled "The Culture of Appeasement" (*Harper's*, October). In his opinion, it has not. The traumas the Vietnam War inflicted upon the nation have delivered us to the point where "any American military action, anywhere in the world, in support of any objective whatever, has become difficult to imagine."

Each year, Podhoretz notes, "the struggle against military spending grows more intense": the crusade against the B-1 bomber was actually intended, in the words of a spokesman for Clergy and Laity Concerned, "to raise fundamental questions about the meaning of national security and the militarization of American foreign policy, using the B-1 as a symbol *par excellence*." The President of the United States publicly congratulates the country on having overcome its "inordinate fear of Communism," though "one may wonder," Podhoretz remarks, "how the fear of a totalitarian system armed . . . 'to the teeth,' aggressively on the move, and sworn to destroy the political system to which we ourselves are presumably committed, could ever be inordinate." The CIA intelligence "A Team" feeds the President the figures he wants to read on the relative strengths of Soviet and American nuclear capacity, just as the Agency fed Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon the rosy estimates on the progress of the Vietnam War that they wanted to hear. Our Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, talks about Eurocommunism with quiet assurance in his voice, assuring us that the Eurocommunists are probably more dangerous to the USSR than to the U.S.—an argument that, as Podhoretz notes, gives mean-minded people leave to ask why, if that is so, we shouldn't be actively abetting the spread of Eurocommunism. Meanwhile, the tom-tom beat of the anti-Americanism of the Sixties can be heard at a slight remove, on the other side of the bluff: the main obstacle to nuclear disarmament is the American military establishment; the Third World starves because Americans grow fat; the chief threat to American civil liberties is not the KGB but the CIA and the FBI; *und so weiter*.

Pursuing a line of argument recently laid down by the historian Walter Laqueur, Podhoretz insists that the willful and persistent blindness toward Soviet intentions on the part of liberal observers closely parallels the refusal of British writers and politicians in the Thirties to face up to the threat of Adolf Hitler's Third Reich. The case is a compelling one, to which Mr. Podhoretz adds an imaginative twist of his own. The English "Decadent" period that followed in the wake of World War I was noted primarily for two things: its pacifism and its strong overtones of homosexuality. As it was said of John Maynard Keynes that nobody who had ever fathered a child would observe that "in the long run, we are all dead," so Podhoretz suggests that the abdication of fatherhood by so many of England's privileged young men meant that they "they were repudiating their birthright as successors to their own fathers in assuming a direct responsibility for the fate of the country."

"Anyone familiar with homosexual apologetics in America today will recognize these attitudes," writes Mr.

Danger: Senators at Work

Like an editor who guts
Sloppy manuscripts with cuts,
Senate solons slash with glee
Jimmy's bill on energy.
Now, if Tip O'Neill concurs
With these Senate arbiters,
We can drill ourselves some gas
For New Hampshire, Maine and Mass.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Podhoretz. The fact that his remarks on homosexuals are likely to prove the most controversial part of the article merely underscores his indictment of a society that appears to believe that the chief threat to American democracy comes from the Anita Bryants rather than the Brezhnevs of this world.

Marchais Plays It Rough

Several months ago James Burnham wrote (*NR*, July 22): "Georges Marchais, leader of the French Communist Party, analyzing from Leninist principles, does not see the French Socialist Party as an ally in bringing about a left-wing government. For Marchais, the Socialist Party is, rather, the chief obstacle in the Communist Party's struggle for state power. For Leninism, the united front tactic is not an alliance with another party but a means of weakening and if possible destroying the party that joins in the united front. Weakening the Socialist Party . . . is, for Marchais, the primary objective of the French Common Front, taking priority over an electoral victory next year."

If we keep this strategic outlook in mind, there is nothing very surprising in Marchais' deliberately provoking a crisis in the French Common Front six months before the general election that, the polls were predicting, would probably give the Front a majority in the new National Assembly. Marchais doesn't consider it his business to build up an image of François Mitterrand, who would presumptively become Premier if the Front has an Assembly majority, as Savior of France. Rather the contrary: Marchais wants to denigrate Mitterrand's standing and authority, especially within Mitterrand's own Socialist Party, and to swing the younger and more radical Socialist Party members under Communist influence. By demanding a program revision that would greatly increase the number of French corporations slated for nationalization and getting in return a predictable Mitterrand rejection, Marchais seeks to "expose" Mitterrand as an opportunist and compromiser who will use socialist slogans to patch up capitalism and betray the masses. Simultaneously Marchais reassures his own Communist Party members that he hasn't gone soft in spite of the Eurocommunist formulas. Finally, Marchais is reminding Mitterrand that, even though the Socialists may be able to get more votes than the Communists, he can't become Premier without Communist support—and that in politics, as in economics, there is no such thing as a free lunch.

The Communist-Socialist split in France is not necessarily final. As of October 1 the Communists had called for the nationalization of 729 businesses (down from an original 1,000), the Socialists for a maximum of 277. That leaves plenty of room for compromise. Even if the split is not repaired, and the two parties enter the election without any formal deal, they may nevertheless unite locally against the Center-Right and be ready to form a government coalition after the election. Although Marchais rates winning the election as secondary, he would doubtless prefer a Left victory to a Left defeat in March and a Left government including the Communists thereafter. Mitterrand has less freedom of maneuver. His party, unlike the Communist Party, is loose and amorphous organizationally; the March election is probably his last chance for the premiership he longs for. Between now and March isn't enough time for a "reversal of alliances" that would bring about a Mitterrand-Giscard center coalition against Marchais on the Left and Chirac on the Right. All this pushes toward de facto resumption of the Socialist-Communist front for electoral purposes.

However Mitterrand and Marchais work it out, the September crisis has lessened the odds of a Left victory in France next March at least enough to send the French stock market into a euphoric high after several years of slump.

Global Scapegoats

At the annual orgy of the International Monetary Fund, the favorite game was blaming national problems on other nations. Since 1974, most European and developing countries have been running chronic balance of payments deficits—which means that more money has been going out, for goods, services and investments, than has been coming back in. The gap has been filled by foreign borrowing, which is getting out of hand.

Germany, Japan and the oil producers have payments surpluses. Since one country's surplus must be another's deficit, the outnumbered surplus countries have been taking the blame. The U.S. and IMF view is that Germany and Japan should use fiscal and monetary gimmicks to "reflate" their economies, to raise export prices and sink their currencies. This amounts to saying that since Italy and Britain refuse to adopt the responsible policies of Germany and Japan, the Germans and Japanese must embrace the marvelously successful Anglo-Italian model.

Since the U.S. is moving toward banana republic policies (with a 9 per cent rate of increase in the narrowly defined money supply this year), we too have resorted to blaming our record trade deficits and sinking dollar on other countries. Actually, our payments position with the Arabs is relatively favorable, since they do so much buying and investing here. Our trade deficit persisted over the past two months despite a significant reduction in oil imports. The deterioration of the dollar relative to the mark and yen reflects excessively inflationary policies at home, not inadequately inflationary policies abroad. The Commerce Department's latest *Business Condition Digest* shows six months trends of inflation at 8.1 per

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The Chicago Connection.

With it, the phone system of tomorrow is in Chicago today.

A while ago, we told you lightwave communications was just around the corner. Today, it's in the streets of Chicago.

For the first time, the human voice, business data and even video signals are being carried by lightwaves traveling over hair-thin glass fibers. Instead of electric current traveling over copper wire.

But without that little link you see on the opposite page, lightwave communications for such a wide range of services might still be an experiment in a lab. And without Western Electric technology, the link might still be a design on a blueprint.

The link is an outgrowth of an idea from the people at Bell Labs. While they were putting the major components of the lightwave system together, they had to find a way to splice the glass fibers and get the light across the splice.

A Simple Idea

The idea they came up with was deceptively simple. A coupling device made up of tiny grooved chips, smaller than the tip of your finger, that would guide the ends of the hair-thin fibers and butt them up in perfect alignment.

There was only one hitch. Making one chip was easy. But there was no machinery that could mass produce all the identical chips that would be needed for a lightwave system like the one in Chicago.

Making Ideas Reality

That's where Western Electric comes in. Turning ideas into technological innovations is nothing new at Western Electric.

Over the years, Western Electric has piled up an impressive list of innovations that have become manufacturing standards.

It was the first company in the world to manufacture the transistor.

It was the first to put the laser to work as a useful production tool.

And it is the company that went beyond conventional machining techniques to make the chips for Chicago's lightwave system.

Each chip is pure silicon crystal. Its internal structure (a criss-cross arrangement of intersecting planes) provides a built-in blueprint for regularly spaced grooves. And because the crystal's diagonal planes etch faster than its perpendicular planes, uniform grooves can be chemically cut into the chip.

By combining the science of chemistry and the art of lithography, Western Electric's Engineering Research Center developed a way to etch 12 ultra-precise, perfectly shaped, identical V-grooves on each chip. With each groove no wider than a hair and separated only by a hair's breadth from its neighbors.

And, more importantly, they were able to reproduce these chips so that each one was a perfect double of the other.

Teamwork is the Key

The telecommunications revolution beginning in Chicago is another good example of how Western Electric and Bell Labs help put new technology into practical use for the Bell telephone companies, quickly and economically.

Their close relationship is an important reason why your telephone system is the most efficient and reliable communications system in the world. And it's a basic reason why innovations in technology are a common occurrence in the Bell System.

Western Electric

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cent for the U.S., 4.8 per cent for Japan, 4.5 per cent for Germany.

If Germany and Japan heat up their economies to match the inflation rates of their neighbors, all the world will get for it is more inflation and the resulting retreat from long-term expansion of real production. Deficit countries should mind their own business.

Exit Laughing

"Oh, will there be a dreadful bloodbath
When the Khmer Rouge come to town?
Aye, there'll be a dreadful bloodbath
When the Khmer Rouge come to town."

This ditty, sung to the tune of "She Was Poor, But She Was Honest," used to be sung by Western correspondents in Hotel Phnom in the months, weeks, and days before the Khmer Rouge eventually did come to town. The journalists sang it in mockery of the hard-liners in the American embassy who were issuing reports of Khmer Rouge atrocities, reports that the discerning journalists rarely chose to write about because they saw them as bald attempts to influence world opinion. As it turned out, the journalist-songsters were very wrong.

In the course of a review in the *Manchester Guardian* of John Barron and Anthony Paul's tragic book on the holocaust of Cambodia, Martin Woollacott, a member of the press corps that covered Phnom Penh's final days, explains why he and his colleagues erred so drastically, how "[we] failed in our profession." Woollacott writes that before the fall of Phnom Penh most of the journalists concentrated on the "corruption and incompetence of the Lon Nol government and on many deceits and stupidities of the Americans in Cambodia." So much time was lavished on these journalistic search and destroy missions that little attention was paid to the atrocities committed by the Khmer Rouge; those Khmer horrors that were uncovered were attributed to the "terrible exigencies of the war."

As the world now knows, shortly after the Khmer Rouge takeover there was a bloodbath, a dreadful bloodbath. (Woollacott: "The heads of forty young women, buried up to their necks and then knifed in the throat, sticking up out of the ground like a crop of cabbages. . . .") But the hundreds of journalists that had devoted so much space to breathless accounts of Lon Nol's incompetence were not there to report it. They had moved on to other stories. "Of the hundreds of reporters who had been in Cambodia during the hostilities," writes Woollacott, "only a handful went to the refugee camps on the Thai border, where serious information about the new Cambodian society could be obtained." It's understandable why the reporters chose to move on. The cacophony of the refugee camps would have made it difficult for them to harmonize.

Now Voyager

When days are dark and nights are long
And no one seems to sing your song,
It's good to trade the job's demands
For pressing flesh in foreign lands.

While farmers fret and miners bitch
And businessmen won't buy your pitch,
You'll get a kick from martial bands
In deferential foreign lands.

Rhodesia isn't on your route
Nor is South Africa, but, shoot,
If folks refuse to fill the stands,
Why visit *those* peculiar lands?

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am puzzled that the realities of the Panama Canal situation have escaped all analysts of political affairs, even those usually the most astute, yourselves. The scenario is thus: since Senators Thurmond and Helms and former Governor Reagan oppose the treaties, the major opinion makers will reflexively support them. The majority of the American public, distrusting the opinion makers, will consequently oppose the treaties and so inform their senators. The Senate, facing an election year, will refuse ratification.

Panama, outraged by the perfidy of the United States, will declare war. After a brief and bloodless period of hostilities, Panama will surrender. President Carter, invoking the spirit of the Marshall Plan and calling for magnanimity in victory, will return control of the Canal and Zone to Panama. Both parties to the dispute will have been satisfied: Panama will have the Canal, and the United States will have demonstrated to the world that no tin-horn dictator can push *us* around.

The foregoing agreements are contained in a highly secret protocol to the treaties, the contents of which are known only to President Carter, General Torrijos, and the shade of Neville Chamberlain.

The logic of the plan is, as you can see, flawless ex-

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cept for one questionable premise: could the U.S. in fact beat Panama even in a phony war?

Yours very truly,
F. B. Liddell Jr.
R. Goldberg Professor of Political Science
Memphis, Tenn.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Somehow, I feel that the following slogan, seen on a local trash-hauling truck (Lingreen's Sanitary Service of Champaign, Illinois) could appropriately be applied to the present gimme-gouging, pay-raising, Castro-kissing Congress, but I have practically sprained my one brain cell, and nothing evolves. I submit it to you for profound and witty thought. The slogan:

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR
DOUBLE YOUR GARBAGE BACK.

Can't you make *something* out of this?

Blessings,
Sheila Jane Barnes
Urbana, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Barnes: It's perfect as it is. —WFB

■ Dear Bill:

The delay in my response to your letter of July 25 is due entirely to some extended travel and not poor mail service.

We worked very hard for passage of the Postal Reform Act in 1970, and in speeches and articles and interviews we managed to convey quite effectively to the American people the catastrophic condition of their postal system at that time. We were so successful I fear we may have created an enduring myth of an inefficient postal service and perhaps raised too high the expectations of the change postal reform might bring.

I suggested following enactment of the reform that it would require five years to turn the service around and show solid results. It now has been six years, and statistics show the service has steadily improved. Ninety-five per cent of the mail dropped in boxes before 5 P.M. on any given day arrives at addresses in that same city, or in other major cities in the country, the following morning. Most of the rest gets second-day delivery. Furthermore, while rates are going up like everything else, the postal service here is still cheaper than in any other country in the world except Canada. For the first time in many years, the Postal Service in March completed 12 full months "in the black."

The Postal Service is indeed a cumbersome government agency full of faults and inefficiencies. Still, I think from a businessman's point of view that it is nothing short of a miracle that anything in this day and time can be picked up personally at your home or office, put aboard a plane and flown across country, and be hand-delivered to an address there at a cost of thirteen cents. Part of the problem, I suspect, is that the Postal Service still tries to do too damn much.

Of course there have been mistakes in running the Service these past six years, and managerial lapses. The system, with its seven hundred thousand employees, spent two hundred years as a patronage-oriented organization, and it will take time to redirect it to a performance-oriented one, which is what postal reform is all about. Certainly, given a choice, I have said and testified that we would be better off as a private enterprise company much as our telephone system grew up. With conditions as they exist, that is not possible. I believe the organizational concept as embodied in the Postal Reform Act is a sound one, and I urge you to be patient and give it every chance to work. It is easy to demagogue the Postal Service, but I believe that thoughtful, serious people should examine the facts and not constantly react negatively.

Sincerely,
Ned
[Winton M. Blount
Former Postmaster General of the U.S.]

■ Dear Bill:

"What's Poetry?"

Sometimes I think we are a nation
Steeped in academic lucubration
Or sunk in the curse
Of blank, unmetered, unrhymed verse,
A bog of Kelly and Sheats
And quaint conceits.

I'm no modern poetic thinker.
I never rose above the beat, rhyme
and rhythm of the Longfellow and
Whittiers of my time
At Yale in the consulship of Tinker.

Let the modern poet
Have his Chandon and Moet,
His inverted bowl
And tortured soul.
I'll get my bang
Out of everyday slang.

Cordially,
Robert Moses
New York

■ Dear Bill:

What does Sobran know about good actors, great generals, fine movies, and geniuses? Get rid of that fool.

Cordially,
H. G. Wright
Waldo, Fla.

Dear Mr. Wright: Who then would advise us concerning bad actors, bad generals, bad movies, and fools?

Cordially, —WFB

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RELIGION

The Crack in the Anglican Dam

SHELDON MOODY SMITH

THE FELLOWSHIP OF Concerned Churchmen is a blanket organization of many groups in the Episcopal Church and the Anglican Church of Canada. Ever since their respective churches voted in favor of ordaining women to the priesthood, they have been simmering. They finally reached a rolling boil on September 14 to 16, when they met in St. Louis and established the Anglican Church in North America.

If the ordination of women was the most publicized issue which has brought the Episcopal Church to the brink of schism, it is certainly not the only one. Much publicized was the proposed Book of Common Prayer, all 1,001 pages of it. Many objections have been voiced to it (mostly on linguistic grounds), but the basic objection is simple. It is not a Book of Common Prayer for *Anglicans* at all—it is a catalogue of religious services, and anyone from Bertrand Russell to Pope Paul could be happy with *parts* of it. If it is finally adopted at the General Convention of 1979 (as it assuredly will be), then the Book of Common Prayer as the stated body of worship and doctrine which has united Anglican Christians for 430 years will cease to exist in the United States.

There are other matters which deeply wound orthodox Anglicans. The General Convention's stand on permissive abortion. The change in the marriage canons which made it virtually impossible for any divorced person *not* to get married in the Episcopal Church. (We were treated last year to the sight of a movie actress having her seventh marriage blessed by the Episcopal Church, thus, for the Guinness Book of World Records, besting the record set by Henry VIII.)

Down the road are other issues, which mitred radic-libs seem bent on forcing down the throats of the faithful. Things like the "marriage" and ordination of avowed homosexuals (the bishop of New York has already "ordained" an avowed lesbian). And the little matter of two employees of the Church's national office who are languishing in durance vile for refusing to testify before a grand jury about possible involvement with the Puerto Rican FALN bombers.

Things fell apart, and the center quit holding so fast that most Episcopalians have still not quite grasped that their church, under the pressure of a small but well-organized band of fanatics, has been brought to the brink of ruin.

Thus, the St. Louis assembly. There were present some 350 clergy and 1,400 laity. That may not sound like much, but they all came at their own expense, and many of them represented parishes. They talked, they listened, and they prayed for three days. And on Friday they announced the formation of the Anglican Church in North America.

This, of course, is not the first breakaway group. But there are differences. This church will have recognizably Anglican bishops (two are actively participating, more are expected to follow). It will retain the Book of Common Prayer in its present form. It is composed of orthodox Episcopalians of all stripes, high, low, and in-between.

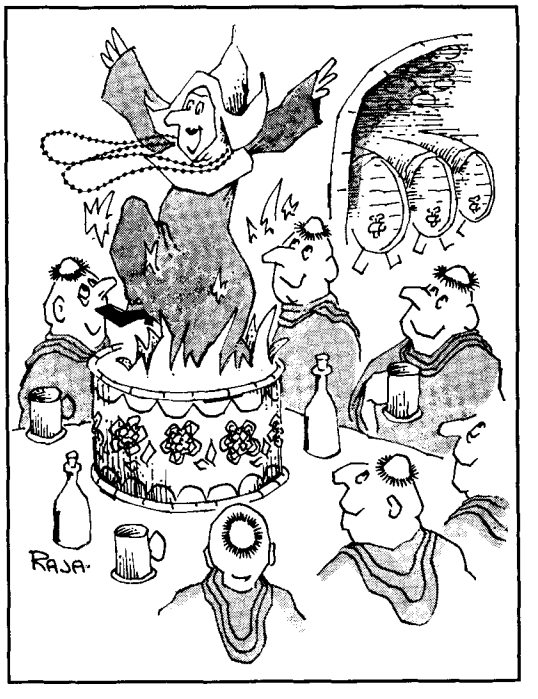
The Anglican Church will be small at the beginning, and they know this. There are residual loyalties that will keep many in the legally constituted Episcopal Church. There are pastoral responsibilities to be met and there are (from a mundane point of view) property rights to be argued over. The vast majority of Episcopalians will continue (in the words of one conference speaker) "trying to squeeze the toothpaste back into the tube."

And there is a large body of opposition which remains in the Episcopal Church, organizing itself as the Evangelical Catholic Mission (ECM). They will continue to press for traditionalist theology and morals, probably against increasingly heavy odds. If wisdom prevails, the leaders of the Fellowship of Concerned Churchmen and the ECM leaders will remain in close touch, even though formally separated.

For the future, traditionalist Episcopalians will live in a strange world, regardless of which of the two churches they are affiliated with. Some will find themselves technically out of communion with people who are among their best friends, and with whom they profoundly agree; and they will find themselves in communion with people whom they regard as subverters of the Christian Faith.

What then does the newly formed church represent? I saw an old movie, some weeks ago, in which the climax was the breaking up of a dam. It all began with a small trickle at the side, built until the midsection burst, and washed out everything before it.

The leaders of the Protestant Episcopal Church seem either uninterested or incapable of shoring up dams. The Anglican Church in North America looks very much like a beginning trickle. □



Dr. Smith is pastor of the Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge.

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ROBERT ELEGANT

Eternal China, Eternal Conspiracies

The Game That Never Ends

ONLY YESTERDAY as the Chinese reputedly reckon time—less than a year ago by the pedestrian Western calendar adopted by the country's Communist rulers—schoolchildren throughout the world's most populous country were learning to write the intricate Chinese ideographs by inditing sample sentences denouncing "the arch-traitor Teng Hsiao-ping." Today, those same schoolchildren read with inspired enthusiasm newspaper accounts of First Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping's faithful service to their nation.

For the second time in a decade the diminutive figure who is called The Organizer in recognition of his executive brilliance has passed through the complete cycle of degradation, which reduced him lower than a non-person, to a "black villain," followed by glorious restoration, which raised him to the apogee of administrative power. The twice-dyed villain, who is fast approaching 75, is today the most powerful individual in China, more powerful than the chief of the Communist Party in whose name he acts, 59-year-old Chairman Hua Kuo-feng. He is Second Vice Chairman of the Communist Party of China, ex-officio member of the five-man Standing Committee of the Party's Political Bureau, and—the vital connection—Chief of Staff of the People's Liberation Army, the dominant force in China's internal and external policies. His personal aura is unquestionably the brightest in the nation.

China is, of course, not the only country in which such kaleidoscopic shifts of power occur. I can, however, recall no comparable case in modern history of a statesman cast into the depths, publicly vilified with obscene invective, and then restored to almost total power—not once, but twice. It is, further, unlikely but by no means impossible that, a year from today, Teng should once again have been degraded. In October 1975, when I last saw him in Peking, he was wholly self-confident, exuding assured command. But the thunder of denunciation that was to drum him out of office had already begun to rumble on the left.

Former Hong Kong bureau chief of the Los Angeles Times, *Mr. Elegant now writes on foreign affairs from his home in Ireland. He is the author of nine books, including the just-published* Dynasty, *a novel of China that spans the years 1900 to 1970.*

The Chinese passion for (addiction to, one might properly say) hyper-byzantine political machinations has, obviously, not been extirpated by the second restoration of Teng Hsiao-ping and the near-sanctification of his essentially rational policies. It is impossible to expunge that passion from the hearts and brains of a people whose greatest folk heroes have for some three millennia been distinguished by their amoral cunning in the ruthless pursuit of power. Certainly the annals of the People's Republic of China, which was founded only 28 years ago, provide no evidence that the quintessential character of Chinese politicians has been altered in any significant respect by the advent of Marxism-Leninism. A conspiratorial people have, rather, adopted a conspiratorial ideology; the inclination to treachery, violence, and labyrinthine intrigues inherent in each has been greatly intensified.

ONLY FROM 1949 to 1957 did the People's Republic enjoy a partial respite from the constant in-fighting that has been the curse of all Chinese regimes for more than two thousand years. During that eight-year period, *only* three major intra-Party clashes roiled the otherwise unruffled surface of the new regime. The unending struggle for power within the newly triumphant Communist Party was only tangentially connected with the sweeping "campaigns" that distributed land to the tiller, destroyed the private enterprises whose integrity had been guaranteed by the Communists, and, subsequently, collectivized the new individual landholdings. However, not a single year has passed since 1957 without fierce contention among the Communist hierarchs. The grand climacteric, characterized by Chairman Mao himself as "an all-encompassing struggle," was, of course, the bloody Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, which cast the entire nation into anarchy that was almost chaos from 1966 to 1969. The bitter hatreds aroused by that convulsion still dominate the political, economic, and social life of China. When the 11th Congress of the Communist Party of China closed in late August, the legitimized Hua Kuo-feng vociferously hailed the "successful conclusion" of the Cultural Revolution in order to proclaim his implacable determination to suppress all factional battles. Hua further declared that the conclusion of the Cultural Revolu- →

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In Hluhluwe Game Reserve, when Alec wishes you welcome he isn't being polite. Merely sincere.

Our people know you've come a long way to meet them. So they go out of their way for you.

In a land filled with spectacular natural beauty, fantastic food and excitement of every description, the thing that most visitors come away talking about is the friendliness of our people.

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Please send me more information on South Africa and SAA.

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tion was made possible only by the overthrow of the "ultra-Left" Gang of Four, which was committed to prolonging the struggle indefinitely.

After the deaths last year of both Chairman Mao Tse-tung and Premier Chou En-lai—who epitomized the two antagonistic ideological trends within the Party—and after the rehabilitation of the intensely practical First Vice Premier Teng, there exists a slender hope that China's rulers may pass a year or even two without spectacular clashes. The 11th Congress removed all "radicals" from the Party's high command, purging a third of the 180-odd members of the Central Committee "elected" by the Ninth Congress in 1973.

However, the political detritus of the "extreme Left extremists" led by Mao's now disgraced widow, Chiang Ching, has by no means been cleared from China.

The counsels of reason have triumphed within the neo-Stalinist Communist Party, largely because the generals of the People's Liberation Army have proved themselves true generals. Their tolerance of the ideological gyrations and divisive machinations of the spiritual heirs of Mao Tse-tung is exhausted. They are determined to get on with their proper business: building a strong, modern defense against China's chief external enemy, the Soviet Union, with unabashed reliance upon Western technology; and ensuring a degree of domestic tranquillity by stringently enforcing law and order. But the Chinese people, themselves avid players of the power game, have by no means settled down after the alarms and struggles of the past two decades. For that matter, the Liberation Army itself is still shaken by contention between adherents of the widow Chiang Ching's Gang of Four and the followers of the rational "policy line" Teng Hsiao-ping inherited from Chou En-lai. Fortunately, the champions of reason are in the ascendant today. Less fortunately, they are determined to suppress all dissent.

Nonetheless, the universal passion for factional strife, exacerbated by the Marxist love of doctrinal strife, denies China internal peace. Peking itself appears tranquil after the violent contention for power that exploded into riots in the monumental Square of the Gate of Heavenly Peace in the spring of 1976. Those riots were precipitated by a public tribute to the recently deceased Chou En-lai; significantly, they took place on *Ching-Ming*, the traditional Festival of the Dead, for the neo-Stalinists hold closer to the ancient Chinese tradition of government and social behavior, a tradition which is itself intolerant of dissent. Chiang Ching's Gang of Four—which at that time briefly held the balance of power within the Political Bureau—employed those riots as the pretext for deposing Teng Hsiao-ping.

But other metropolises, like Shanghai, Canton, and Chungking, are still beset by contention among rival factions, while the rural hinterlands of almost every Chinese province are still intermittently transformed into miniature battlefields. Within the past six months, the all-powerful Communist Party First Secretaries of half of China's provinces have been relieved of their duties and replaced. Public executions in many provinces have demonstrated the new authorities' determination to put down strife and to destroy the "remaining strongholds of the radicals."

But that purpose is far from attainment. The instinct to resist authority is much too strong to allow domestic tranquillity. Most disturbing from Teng Hsiao-ping's vantage point has been the coalescence of the two major opposition groups, the old "factions" and the newly dispossessed adherents of the radical Gang of Four.

The Cultural Revolution left in its wake a vast trail of floating debris. Some of which coalesced into the "factions," as Peking calls them. Men and women of both the Left and the Right who felt themselves injured by the upheaval were emboldened to form semi-clandestine organizations that resembled the extra-legal bandit gangs and secret societies of the Chinese past. Those groups were outgrowths of the Red Guards who had fought each other during the Cultural Revolution, each faction asserting its own will, its own ideological primacy, and its own interests under the banner of the sacrosanct Thought of Mao Tse-tung. For them the Cultural Revolution has never ended. They have waged a persistent war of attrition against all authority, holding up trains, robbing banks, and inciting strikes, while defying the police. The factions are conducting an underground struggle against the Communist Party and the People's Republic. Most are young people in rebellion against the gerontocracy of Peking.

Last fall, the adherents of the Gang of Four, the so-called "radicals," found themselves dispossessed in turn when their leaders fell from power in Peking, and a loose

A nation that has known perpetual turmoil for almost two centuries is, once again, seeking domestic order. But its prospects are not bright, and the man on whose resolution the structure depends is closer to 75 than seventy

alliance between the "factions" and the "radicals" sprang up spontaneously. The followers of these "ultra-Left" leaders are today called the "bourgeois gangster network." "Bourgeois" is, of course, a portmanteau term of abuse, as is "gangster." But Peking does not use the word "network" (literally, "system") negligently. That word describes a widespread, well-coordinated structure, which includes important government and Party officials, as well as many field-grade officers of the People's Liberation Army. Even in collusion, the two dissident organizations cannot hope to overthrow the regime, but they can seriously disrupt the orderly workings of both the government and the economy.

Foreign policy has, inevitably, become a major issue in the struggle between the regime and the dissidents. When the radicals were in power, they opposed selling large quantities of oil abroad. Their less doctrinaire opponents feel that China's future industrialization demands such sales. Only a most substantial oil income, the practical men contend, can pay for the massive quantities of Western capital equipment required to make China even a semi-modern nation—and to prevent rising popular discontent from eroding Communist rule. The radicals are opposed to China's becoming dependent upon Western technology and Western technicians through the importing of entire factories and key personnel for both civilian and military plants. The

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radicals and their numerous adherents consider *embourgeoisement* through excessive contact with the West a greater threat than Soviet imperialism. They believe that Maoist purity is far more important than the economic growth to which the 11th Party Congress rededicated itself.

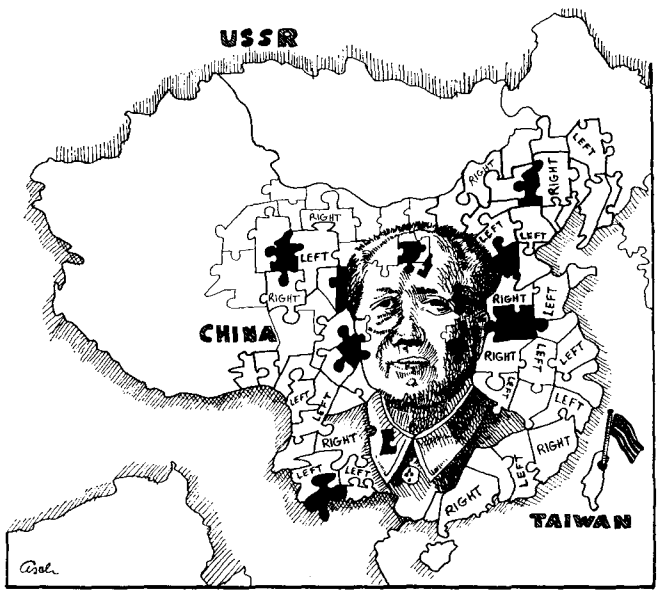
It was the continuing strife that forced Chairman Hua, who came to his present eminence by way of the Ministry of Security, to recall Teng Hsiao-ping to power—and to relinquish much of his own power to the one man who may be able to impose rudimentary order upon the present demi-chaos. The much maligned and much lauded Teng Hsiao-ping is not only the last vigorously effective survivor of the generation that built the Communist Party, conquered China, and established the People's Republic. He also possesses bases of real power: first, within the decisive Liberation Army, in which he served as both a senior political commissar and an Army Group commander; second, in the apparatus of the Communist Party, which he virtually designed and operated for so long as Secretary General; third, among the new managers and technicians, the practical, economics-motivated technocrats whose cause he has consistently championed against the ideology-drunk Maoists; and, finally, among the old cadre-officials of the administration, who look to him for personal security and national stability.

Since Teng, who stands no more than five feet two, displays the abrasive drive of the very short man, he is hardly beloved by the Chinese people. But the spiritual mantle of Chou En-lai has, virtually by default, fallen on his shoulders, and even the dumb masses look to him for a better life. They hope for relative freedom from oppression and a higher material standard based upon an expanding economy; the farmers and workers most specifically expect fairer distribution of China's sparse wealth by sweeping increases in agricultural shares and industrial wages, as well as by that apparently bourgeois device, monetary rewards apportioned according to individual merit. But the dissidents arrayed in organized ranks make the execution of Teng's economic policies exceedingly difficult—and the maintenance of internal order even more difficult.

In outline, then, such is the quasi-ally with which the Carter Administration is most cautiously seeking to "normalize" relations. A nation that has known perpetual turmoil for almost two centuries is, once again, seeking domestic order. But its prospects are not bright, and the man upon whose sage resolution the structure depends is closer to 75 than to seventy.

The People's Republic of China may, therefore, appear a most fragile reed upon which to rest substantial American hopes of containing the Soviet Union. (It is small consolation, if any, that the other reeds upon which that policy rests, NATO and the European Economic Community, are by no means robust.) An unstable China can hardly exact stringent conditions from the United States for "normalizing" Peking-Washington relations, a consummation that is, in any event, more important to Peking than it is to Washington. Nor, for that matter, can a China virtually encircled by enemies threaten to reach a wide-ranging reconciliation with its chief enemy, Moscow, if the U.S. does not fulfill its conditions. Not, that is, if Peking expects to be believed.

The price that Peking asks is the cutting of all American diplomatic and military ties with the Chinese Nationalists, who are thriving economically while withering diplomatically in the 29th year of their exile on the island of Taiwan. The United States must, Peking insists, not only transfer its ambassador from Taipei to Peking, but must also denounce the mutual defense treaty with the Nationalists and cease supplying the "Chiang Kai-shek remnant bandit clique" with arms.



The dilemma that faces American policymakers can be reduced to three questions whose formulation in part adumbrates the answers I shall subsequently attempt:

1. Is the quasi-alliance with Peking against Moscow worthwhile *per se*?

2. What concessions (or actions) are actually necessary to sustain that relationship; and is total repudiation of the Nationalists—or, for that matter, rapid "normalization" of the Peking-Washington relationship—an absolute prerequisite?

3. What of Taiwan itself—i.e., would American repudiation of the Nationalists seriously injure American interests or place the Republic of China in acute peril?

As to the first question, there can be no doubt that the alliance is very much worthwhile, even if every attempt at joint action against the Soviets from Pakistan to Angola has ended in near-disaster. The mere existence of the Peking-Washington connection makes the Soviets tread more warily in the Far East and elsewhere. The possibility that the United States and the People's Republic could at some time in the future act decisively and effectively in concert makes the Russians very nervous, while China's defensive hostility forces the Russians to maintain more than half a million troops on the 6,500-mile-long Sino-Soviet border. The regrettable fact that the quasi-alliance is still more a potential force than a kinetic force is attributable far more to American pusillanimity and indecisiveness than to Chinese weakness and discord.

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Just as the foregoing affirmative answer was implicit in the sequence of the questions, the answer to the second question is implied in the answer to the first. The Chinese will not renounce the American connection if the United States does not accord them full diplomatic recognition by meeting their conditions for the privilege of replacing the present "liaison office" in Peking with an embassy, nor would that formal gesture significantly influence Sino-American trade. The total repudiation of Taiwan, therefore, would not significantly advance American interests.

Peking is, of course, interested in "reuniting Taiwan with the Motherland"—at some indeterminate time in the future. The Communists naturally wish to destroy that other government that claims sovereignty over all China. But Peking is in no hurry, in part because administering Taiwan would create major problems for the Communists. Besides, Peking is at this time much more concerned with other issues that bear much more directly on the survival and consolidation of Communist rule in China. The United States is, fortunately, well situated to assist Peking in attaining its two chief goals: enhanced national security and accelerated economic development. That American capability, translated into effective action, would make the vexing problem of Taiwan almost irrelevant to Sino-American relations for the time being.

Above all else the Chinese desire joint Sino-American action to curb Soviet expansion throughout the world. They look with approval on American efforts to strengthen NATO and the EEC, the chief bulwarks against Soviet expansion into Western Europe, which they consider the primary Soviet target. Naturally, the Chinese feel that the Americans could do far more in Europe than we are doing, and they are appalled by ambivalent American and European attitudes toward "Eurocommunism," which, knowing their Marxist brethren, they consider no more than a lacy figleaf half-concealing subversion leading to Soviet hegemony.

Peking will continue to buy what it needs from those suppliers who provide the best goods at the best prices; "normalization" of Sino-American relations is a minor concern of tough-minded Communist traders

The Chinese are even less happy about the American stance vis-à-vis the Soviets elsewhere. The debacle in Angola and the unsatisfactory situation in Zaire disturb them deeply. Even equivocation about Israel, whose vital anti-Soviet role Peking has belatedly recognized, disturbs the Chinese deeply. Above all, they fear the extension of Soviet power around the globe by the acquisition of bases and the exertion of predominant influence throughout the Third World. Peking's deepest fear is not a direct Soviet attack, but strangulation by Soviet domination of the sea routes. Only the United States can thwart that Soviet strategy.

Neither has Peking been notably enchanted by the Carter Administration's actions in the Far East itself, though those actions are feeble and symbolic, directed primarily toward courting fashionable public opinion at home. Seeking a grand reconciliation with Hanoi is in itself harmless, if pointless, from a purely American perspective. But from Peking's point of view, Washington's ardent wooing of this nation the Chinese consider their most militant adversary aside from Moscow—a creature of the Soviet Union astride their southern borders—does not contribute to good Sino-American relations. The much-touted disengagement of American troops from South Korea, gradual as it may be, also disturbs the Chinese, as it does the Japanese. These two major Asian powers are alarmed by the withdrawal of the last substantial American ground forces from the Far East, as well as by the encouragement that move offers the adventurous North Korean leader Kim Il-sung.

Sino-American trade has suffered a remarkable decline after the first enthusiastic burst, receding this year to a third of its high-water mark of $1.2 billion four years ago. That recession is due in large part to China's inability to produce large quantities of goods suitable for the American market and, in almost equal part, to the fact that the Chinese have already made their initial purchases of American technology, while they can buy the large quantities of grain they require more conveniently and more cheaply elsewhere. But American technology is, in the long view, essential to successful exploitation of China's off-shore oil reserves, while American weaponry is almost indispensable to the creation of a truly modern, technically advanced People's Liberation Army, including ground forces, navy, and air force. Peking will continue to buy what it needs from those suppliers who provide the best goods at the best prices; "normalization" of Sino-American relations is a minor consideration to tough-minded Communist traders.

Finally, Taiwan itself. The Nationalists are realists, and they have prepared themselves for virtual American repudiation. "As long as you don't actively strangle us economically, we'll be all right," senior Nationalist officials have confided for several years. They could add: "As long as you don't interfere with our buying whatever arms we need for self-defense—in the U.S. or elsewhere—we'll be all right." It is, after all, not the Washington-Taipei mutual defense treaty but the balance of armed power that prevents a Communist invasion across the Taiwan Straits. Denying the Nationalists access to arms therefore prolongs our guardianship and, in effect, delays "normalization" of our relations with Peking. There is, of course, no justification in either immediate self-interest or abstract morality for an American Administration to compel or even facilitate the transfer of power over almost 17 million persons from a Nationalist regime that undeniably curtails human rights to a Communist regime that, by Jimmy Carter's own standard, denies human rights.

The best advice for American policymakers can, therefore, be expressed in a sentence that owes much to the ancient Taoist counsel of *wu-wei*, masterly inactivity, and a good deal to *Punch*'s advice to young men about to marry—with a deep obeisance to inherent American activism: Do *everything* possible to cooperate with the Chinese against Soviet expansionism and to enhance China's economic and defensive strength, but, as for "normalization," do as *little* as possible as long as possible. □

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WILLIAM BERKSON

Thought Control in Mao's China

HOW ARE thoughtful Chinese citizens affected by the tightly controlled society of the People's Republic of China? Li Ming (not his real name) is well-equipped to answer this question. He is a Chinese intellectual—now an émigré—and he has been in a position to observe most aspects of life under the Communists. He has come into contact with other intellectuals, with officials, and with the peasantry. The following interview took place shortly before the death of Mao Tse-tung; whether and how China will change after the transition period remains to be seen.

As possibly the first report of its kind to come out of China, this may need a few words to put it into perspective. The information on China that reaches America is mainly of four types. First, there are propaganda blasts, pro and con, which are far too ideological to be reliable sources. (Li Ming, I should note, is no ideologue, unless sorrow is an ideology.) Second, there are reports from uninformed visitors to China, who do not know the language. These tend to be very similar in tone and even in content to the reports of Westerners who visited China six hundred years ago: everything is orderly and clean, the people are smiling, etc. Third, there are reports from Chinese exiles who return to visit relatives. But these reports are circulated only by word of mouth, for the overseas Chinese fear reprisals against their relatives. Finally, there are reports from refugees to Hong Kong. These are probably the most accurate source; but few of the refugees have been intellectuals and none have been willing to speak frankly of their experiences for publication.

Berkson: We never hear of underground literature in China, comparable to the samizdat *in Russia. Why has the Chinese government been so much more effective in its control over people?*

Li: I don't know about the Russians. It seems to me that they are rather crude, and they're more bureaucratic. The bureaucrats are on one side and the people are on the other side. So it's very easy for the people to shield each other. In China the leaders, I think, are cleverer in these matters. They use something like the old Chinese system of *Bao-Jia*—ten households make up one *Jia*, and ten *Jia* make up one *Bao*. It's a system using mutual surveillance.

B: Mutual spying is traditional?

L: Yes. The bureaucrats used the local gentry to control the masses. The gentry were supposed to levy taxes, organize the people, and select *Bao* and *Jia* chiefs. If something happened in one household, then the other nine households would be held responsible. So in order to avoid trouble you had to keep a look-out on your neighbors.

B: Oh yes, I have heard of this: the Emperor could even execute whole clans.

L: So that's why traditionally the Chinese are not so articulate as the Russians. Of course it's also a philosophical question. The Chinese think if you have enough to eat and warm clothing to wear, you're all right . . . Don't poke your nose into other people's business, especially not in political matters. You'll get a damn bloody nose if you do.

B: Doesn't Confucian philosophy support this attitude?

L: Yes, Confucius said things like: Everybody in this universe has his proper place; don't try to overthrow those above you because that upsets the whole scheme of things.

B: How does this system work now?

L: Everybody belongs to at least one organization. Even if a person does not have a job, he belongs to the neighborhood committee. And in the neighborhood committee there are groups—discussion groups, newspaper reading groups, study groups—that meet usually twice a week.

B: How does the Party use these groups to make people report on each other?

L: During political campaigns pressure is exercised through veiled threats, as well as exhortations. In normal times there are "criticism and self-criticism" meetings every week or two. In these you are supposed to uncover the "ideological lapses" and "misdeeds" of yourself and others.

B: Why couldn't you sit down in your own house and write an anti-government tract?

L: I suppose a few individuals do that. But it would be very unwise, because whom are you going to show it to? You can never be sure of your workmates. And close friends can just talk things over. The only reason to put something in writing is if you really want to reach a large

Mr. Berkson, who received his PhD in philosophy at London University under Karl Popper, is the author of Fields of Force: The Development of a World View from Faraday to Einstein, *published by Halstead Press.*

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audience, but there's no such audience. And because of the cramped living conditions, your neighbors know everything you do. Eventually someone will report to the Party members in your unit. So it doesn't pay to write things down.

B: Are the Party members watching you all the time?

L: That's the idea. There's a Chinese expression: one Party member will "keep in touch" with, say, five members of the masses, presumably to help you ideologically. If you protest, the Communist will argue: "Look, we are doing this for the good of the people. If you have nothing to hide, you have nothing to be afraid of. If you have something to hide and it's detrimental to the people, well then, we would like to find out about it." And of course there are the political campaigns—the Communists launch them all the time, pressing people to tell what they know, not only about themselves but about everybody else. These are a very important factor in the control.

B: In what way?

L: Well, Mao's underlying strategy was to alternate pressure and relaxation.

B: Why is that more effective than pressure alone?

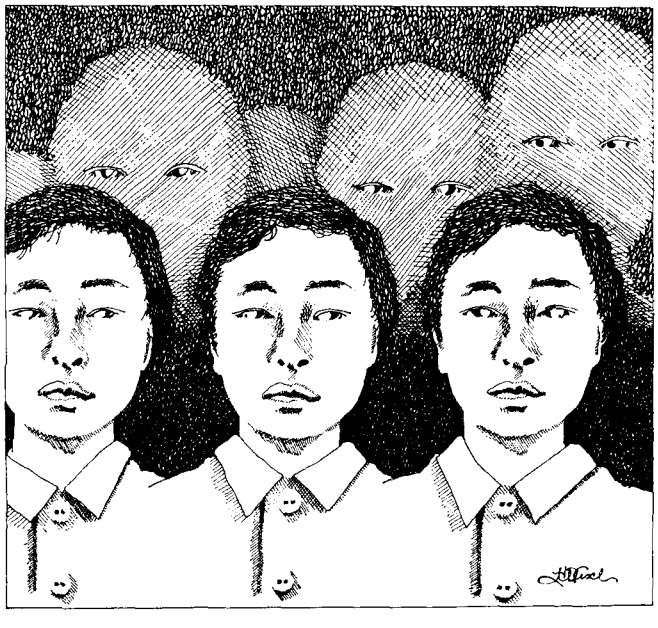
L: The idea is that if you keep up the pressure all the time, either people collapse from the strain or they go numb, and the pressure becomes ineffective. So a period of relaxation is needed to give them a breathing spell. At the same time it serves to "get the snake out of its hole": people have short memories, and when the pressures are relaxed they will show signs of political weakness that the Party can attack in new, more stringent campaigns.

B: How frequent have these campaigns been?

L: Since 1949 there have been at least ten big campaigns, and there have been minor ones as well.

B: What happened to people during the big campaigns?

L: Well, in the first campaign, in 1950, many were killed or sent to prison. But once the Communists felt they had really effective control, they could afford to be more lenient. For example, by '55, in the second Suppression-of-Counterrevolutionaries movement, they usually put people under "surveillance by the masses."



B: What does "surveillance by the masses" mean exactly?

L: In practice it means you have no freedom. You are kept on in the neighborhood, in your place of work, but with the masses supervising you; and once or twice a week you must report what's going on in your mind, either to a group of people or to the local police office.

B: So that they create a sort of prison without walls.

L: Yes; Mao says something like this: It wouldn't do to send all the people to prison because there aren't enough prisons. So let the masses oversee them, and at the same time you get the benefit of their work.

B: What was the next campaign?

L: Next was '57-'58, the Anti-Rightist movement. It was much the same, but this time it focused on the intellectuals —university students and teachers, high-school teachers, and other professionals.

B: What happened to those attacked?

L: They were labeled rightists and sent to work in the countryside, usually for four to six years.

B: Were they under surveillance there?

L: Of course. They were the "enemy of the people." Nobody talks to them, except to give commands.

B: What about their food?

L: They eat like the people in the countryside. For example, they get meat about once a month, whereas in the cities people eat a little meat, say, three times a week.

B: What about when they come back—do they then resume contact with other people?

L: No, they are ostracized once and for all. If the person is a rightist, he's a rightist, and he's the enemy. Who will want to have contact with him?

B: Do they get their jobs back?

L: No, they are demoted to manual labor. How can a person who is a rightist teach students, train the second generation? What he can do is sweep the floor in the university and clean the toilets.

B: How does his family treat him?

L: In most cases they won't say anything to him, except to issue commands, like to clean the house. This treatment is fairly common, especially from the children, because they have been taught by the Party: "Your father, your mother is an enemy of the state. Family members should draw a line between the enemy and the people. If you don't draw this line then you are on the side of the enemy. There is no middle ground: either you are with the proletariat or you are against it. As an enemy of the people he is no longer your kin: class always comes first."

B: But how can this be enforced?

L: Well, nobody comes into your room and says, You shouldn't do this, you shouldn't do that. But there is subtle pressure. If the children are seen talking or laughing with the class enemy, then of course someone will report them. And when they have reported you, your neighbors will look at you very strangely. You know at once you have behaved incautiously, and you dare not do it any more. But it's a very complicated thing. The children of course are very unhappy. Because their father or mother is a rightist, they themselves will have no future. So as well as sympathizing with their parent, they also resent their parent.

B: Do you mean the children are punished for their parent's wrongdoing?

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L: Not exactly punished. But they have to suffer part of the ostracism. Their schoolmates tend to shun them because they have "bad" family background. And they could never hope to get certain things, for example a college education or any post of importance. This is also true for children of formerly rich parents.

B: Suppose an "enemy of the people" goes to a park and sits down on a bench and chats with passersby—or doesn't that happen?

L: That could happen.

B: I would think the parks would be full of rightists!

L: Well, I would say this: most rightists come to have a cowering way about them. Just by looking at them you can tell they are—they are just crushed; their spirit is entirely broken.

B: How many people have been attacked over the years?

L: Because they never publish these things, I can't say. But let's just assume this—Mao says: In a political campaign, 95 per cent of the people are good, the bad are only 5 per cent. The Party takes this very seriously, so we can use this as a criterion. Five per cent are attacked in the beginning, but by the end of the campaign only 1 or 2 per cent are singled out for long-term punishment—that is, are labeled as "enemy of the people."

> ***"The prisoners do their work eight hours a day; they have political study; and they even have an hour for sports. And every Saturday there's a movie. It's very good on the inside . . ." And then he added, "It's really just like the outside."***

B: In, say, ten families how many people will be under mass surveillance?

L: Not many, one or two.

B: That's in the cities?

L: In the cities, and in the countryside too. The former landlords, they're still there.

B: So in virtually every ten-family group there are one or two they have to keep an eye on?

L: Yes, but think of a country of 900 million. Three per cent of that is 27 million. We used to joke that if they became an army they could wipe out many small countries. Mao said this: We cannot allow them to get together, for together they can mean trouble.

B: Was it 5 per cent of the whole country in the later campaigns as well?

L: No, each time some "targets" are selected. Since '58 the criticism has been mainly of Party members. The intellectuals, for example, had already suffered enough; the Party cadres were the ones who dared to speak up if they thought some official policy wouldn't work. So they got criticized. But I want to say this: every time a campaign was started, the people who got into trouble first were those already labeled enemies—former landlords, former rich peasants, counterrevolutionaries.

B: You mean these people were criticized again?

L: Every time, again and again, just to remind others that we still have enemies in our midst. And in the Cultural Revolution everybody was involved, not just Party members; the 5 per cent there is of the whole people. People say the Cultural Revolution lasted from '66 to '69, but actually it is still going on. After the Cultural Revolution came the Criticize Lin Piao, Criticize Confucius movement; then the Criticize Bourgeois Legal Rights campaign; then they criticized the novel *Water Margin*, then the Minister of Higher Education, then Teng Hsiao-ping.

B: All these pressures must be very constraining.

L: One day my Party secretary went on a brief visit to a prison. When he came back he praised the conditions. He said, "The prisoners were well treated there. They do their work eight hours a day; they have political study; and they even have an hour for sports. And every Saturday there's a movie. It's very good on the inside . . ." And then he added in all sincerity, "It's really just like outside."

B: LET'S GO *back to the campaigns against the intellectuals—how were they run?*

L: The control of intellectuals basically came in two steps. The first was in '57-'58, the Anti-Rightist campaign which followed the Hundred Flowers movement. In the Hundred Flowers movement, intellectuals were encouraged to "help the party rectify its work." Some were very articulate in their criticism, and they were severely punished.

B: What was the second step?

L: The Cultural Revolution. There all intellectuals, without exception, were said to be on the side of the bourgeoisie; they would have to be "re-educated" by physical labor and intensive study of Mao's Thought.

B: What were you supposed to change your thought to?

L: Nobody knows. They say, "Serve the people wholeheartedly." In practice it means do exactly what the Party says: total obedience.

B: But how then could intellectuals do any creative thinking for the society?

L: Mao is interested in creative thinking, but thinking only within the confines of his teachings. Mao says: "Either the East wind prevails over the West wind, or the West wind prevails over the East wind"—there can be no compromise. Since intellectuals did not see eye to eye with Mao, their thought could harm the Revolution. Therefore, it had to be brought under control. This has meant in practice that no research worthy of the name has gone on in the universities since the Cultural Revolution—in fact since the Four Clean-Ups campaign of '64. Research has been carried out within the military system, though; I'm sure that never stopped.

B: How was intellectual effort discouraged?

L: It was fashionable in the Cultural Revolution to refer to all intellectuals as "stinking." Intellectuals were made to feel guilty. Because you don't work with your hands—planting rice or making cloth—you feel you are exploiting others. You feel you just cannot raise your head.

B: Just the fact of being an intellectual makes you guilty?

L: No, the fact, they say, of the bourgeois ideology in your mind. Whatever you say, whatever you do, you cannot but express this harmful ideology, and affect the younger generation. So it is a very shameful thing to be an intellectual. That's why young people don't want to be in-

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tellectuals. They want to be workers. Not all, of course; many children of high officials still want to be intellectuals.

B: What concrete steps were taken affecting the intellectuals?

L: In '66 all books which hadn't yet been banned were banned. There were no books for sale except Mao's works. Only a few technical works and a few "revolutionary" stories have been published since then. All schools—elementary, secondary, and university—were closed for three to six years. Faculty members were first expected to write wall posters denouncing Liu Shao-ch'i and themselves. Then in '69 they were sent to farms and "May 7 cadre schools" to be re-educated by workers and peasants.

B: What was this "May 7" school?

L: It was a dose of very hard labor and intense political indoctrination. When you weren't working, you were reading Mao's works, engaging in political discussion, and trying to cure your ideological ills.

B: How long was this for?

L: From two to four years.

B: What happened afterward?

L: Then came the Lin Piao incident. As a result of this and the Cultural Revolution most people became disillusioned with the government.

B: Hadn't people been disillusioned already by the failure of the Great Leap Forward of '58-'59, when all people were organized into military-style units, and made to work without rest?

L: The Great Leap Forward was terrible; but I don't know, the Chinese can take a lot of things. I would say this: After the Great Leap people felt that the officials were rather harsh, but meant well. But after the Cultural Revolution, they felt that the officials were fighting for their own self-interest.

B: The people figured it was just power politics?

L: Yes, look at Lin Piao, look at Liu Shao-ch'i, look at Mao. Lin Piao was the most militant, the most revolutionary person, and suddenly he turned out to be a traitor, a bandit, an opium eater—suddenly everything he had said was a lie. So whom can you believe? They did try to cover it up. They circulated a document saying that Mao wrote a letter to his wife, Chiang Ching, early in '66, which showed that he saw through Lin Piao then. But if he saw through him then, why did he make him his official successor?

The wife will ask what her husband did in the office today. "Oh, we had this meeting. We are to learn a lesson and we are to remold ourselves." And the wife says, "Yes that's very true." They are acting all their lives

B: When the schools and universities were re-opened, did things return to normal?

L: No; there were rather drastic changes. For example, they said, Why study the Chinese language, because when you study politics you study language too? And then they abolished the usual courses of chemistry, physics, and biology. These categories were called bourgeois, backward, unscientific. They took out the so-called "useful parts" of chemistry and physics and combined it into one course called "basics of industry." And the "useful parts" of biology and chemistry were combined into "basics of agriculture." And the primary- and secondary-school pupils were sent out to the countryside to work.

B: This selection of "useful parts," does this mean that they have minimized the teaching of theory?

L: Yes.

B: But then are the students prepared for university courses in, say, physics or chemistry?

L: They don't want to prepare you for the university. The schools prepare you for the countryside, for the plant. Only after you have worked in the fields or at a machine, they say, are you ready for a little theoretical knowledge.

B: This must have greatly lowered the level of university education.

L: Yes, but they try to refute this fact at their political report sessions. The army man or worker will say: "You know, some people are saying that since the new students—the workers, the soldiers—have been recruited, the quality of education has been reduced. So let us define quality: Now, the capitalists only look at academic results; we look at political results. By quality we thus mean political quality. So quality today is actually going up, not coming down."

B: IS THERE *still such a downgrading of theory today?*

L: Yes, although Chou En-lai tried briefly, in '72, to brings back theoretical research.

B: What happened then?

L: The story is this. Yang, the Nobel Prize-winning physicist from Stanford, was visiting China. There was a reception for him at the Great Hall of the People. All the officials were gathered there before the scheduled time. (This is very Chinese.) And Chou En-lai was there, firing questions at people. If you were from a shipyard, he would ask: Are you building the 10,000-ton ship? How is the work going?—and so on.

B: So that every minute of the day he's asking questions, and giving directives.

L: And his secretaries are taking it all down verbatim, because everything these guys say is important. And then later—this is a very important thing—these records will circulate among high officials. And then they will be passed to a lower level with certain sentences deleted. At the lowest level they will delete almost everything—perhaps one sentence remains, like: "Basic research is important."

B: What happened this time?

L: Well, Chou Pei-yuan, vice chairman of the revolutionary committee at Peking University, was there to receive Yang. Chou Pei-yuan is also a famous physicist, and Chou En-lai was asking him: "Are you doing any research in Peking University?" Chou Pei-yuan said, "No." "No research in physics?" And Chou Pei-yuan—you know, this guy is very cunning—said, "No, but at least we have started to offer courses. Look at the Academy of Sciences; they are still just fighting each other." Then Chou En-lai told him: "Go back to the university and run the physics department well. We need to carry out some basic research. If you find any obstacles, remove them."

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Now this is really strong language, because who will be the obstacles? Of course they will be these workers, army men, and radicals. They will say: "We must carry on the revolution, we have no time for research." But Chou En-lai said, "Remove these obstacles."

B: What happened as a result of the directive?

L: After a few days Chou Pei-yuan published an article on the subject in the *Guang Ming* daily. And then suddenly, a few days later, an article was published in the *Wen Hui* daily, of Shanghai, attacking Chou Pei-yuan. In China nothing is without purpose. Everybody knows who is in charge of this *Wen Hui* daily: Yao Wen-yuan, who is in charge of propaganda work all over the country. This Shanghai article says: "We know of no basic research other than research in Marxism or Leninism; . . . otherwise it's not basic research. So you're wrong, comrade, you're basically wrong."

B: So everything just stopped?

L: Everybody lost interest. At first of course all the teachers had been very happy. They thought they could have something to do, to contribute to the construction of China. They very soon found out that you could do nothing.

B: Mao's anti-intellectualism is really astonishing to Western ears. It seems to me that it derives from a philosophical error that Sir Karl Popper calls "inductivism"—the idea that the best way to advance knowledge is to start research without any theory at all, just by collecting data. When you really try to act on this "inductivism" it becomes a very radical doctrine. The intellectual heritage becomes quite irrelevant—you can just ignore it, wipe it away, because everything can be derived from "practice."

L: This is true, but there is another aspect of Mao's pragmatism which is also very important. He says that the quintessence—I think he really acts on this, it's something Lenin said—"The quintessence of Marxism-Leninism is the solving of concrete problems in a concrete situation." That's the *quintessence* of Marxism. That's why they can change their position. Before, they said: "The United States is the Number One enemy." But suddenly they changed. If you ask them why, they say: "The situation changed . . ."

B: Mao includes scientific experimentation under "practice," but he doesn't seem to take this seriously.

L: Any pure intellectual curiosity the radicals will scorn. For example there was a scientist who tested new seeds in test tubes, in the laboratory. This was held up as an example. They said, "This is very typical of intellectuals. You should go into the fields and learn from the peasants."

And they say you need the correct ideology to *interpret* practice. If your ideology is right you can do anything in the world; you can, as they say, "create a miracle."

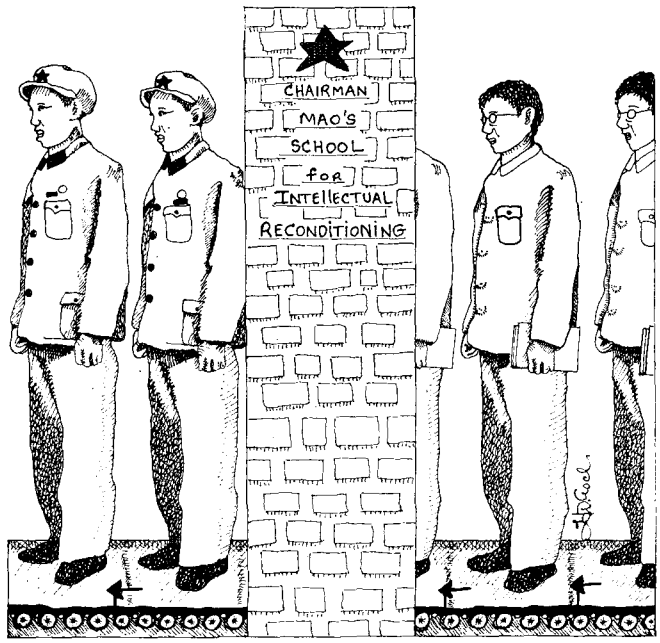
B: They actually say that?

L: Sure. Ideology they call the "spiritual atom bomb." If you release this spiritual atom bomb, there's nothing in the world you cannot do.

B: Now, you've explained how the government controls people. What personal effect does all this control have on thoughtful people? I suppose they feel very isolated.

L: Yes, it's so dangerous to share your thoughts with other people.

B: Creative thinking is dangerous?



L: Yes, because if you're creative you depart from the line, and then you're in trouble. So after a long period of time you tend to lose the faculty of thinking, because they condition your thought into one channel.

B: Could you ever speak openly of your attitude toward the government?

L: Well, some people are rather explicit with close friends. But that is sort of foolish, because when some political campaign comes along you may involve others and others may involve you. So the best thing is not to be so explicit, and yet you understand each other.

B: So people do not discuss their ideas and work them out.

L: There are people who discuss these things, of course there are. But most people who are thoughtful live a double life.

B: What do you mean, a "double life"?

L: You are expected to take part, a very active part, in political activities.

B: I see. Like those meetings three times a week. You have to spout the Party line.

L: Yes. It wouldn't do just to sit there and keep mum.

B: But this must be a great strain to do all the time.

L: Yes, that's very true. And when people really lose control . . . Look at inmates in mental hospitals. When they lose control they say what they think. And usually they talk very reactionary talk.

B: Well, isn't another word for this double life just hypocrisy?

L: Yes, that's true. There are even cases where the husband and wife don't trust each other, and they're always acting. The wife will ask what her husband did in the office today. "Oh, we had this meeting. It was a very inspiring meeting and we denounced so and so. We are to learn a lesson and we are to remold ourselves." And the wife says, "Yes, that's very true." They are acting all their lives.

B: And anything in public, basically, must be hypocritical?

(Continues on page 1191)

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Impressions By the Way

Notes from the Road

JAMES BURNHAM

OUR SEPTEMBER SURVEY covered Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and auto paths to and from our northwestern Connecticut base. Taking that as sample, fair or not, I conclude that Americans, especially female Americans, are fatter than ever. This is no news to statisticians, but statistical figures in the flesh are something else again. By direct perception I would say that Americans are now, on average, the fattest people on earth.

The only competition would be the Germans, especially the Bavarians. But German fat is shaped more firmly by still operative muscles than American fat. American fat exudes, cascades, balloons, quivers, undulates in blobs and globules. The three-dimensional mobile effect is rendered more striking by clothes that seem to be used not for concealment or control but display.

There does seem to be something of a class angle to obesity. Contemporary American fat, in accord with Supreme Court rulings, does not discriminate by race, color, religion, sex, or brains, but there is an observably lower proportion of fat in what I'm afraid I will have to term the upper class. The richer you are, the less you eat. Cutting down on calories seems to be the price you usually have to pay if you want to stay on top. Maybe that's why Bert Lance had to go.

2. The centrifugal dispersion of the cities, which had slowed in the 1973-76 recession, is speeding up again. The strips push out toward the horizon. Ranch houses, immobile mobile homes, factories, motels, and restaurants sprout in clumps or, often, at random out of meadows and woods. Rural shopping plazas add porno movie theaters, night spots, art dealers.

It's the dastardly work of ole debbil automobile, we all know, or at any rate we've been told often enough. In truth, the auto is only one factor in a systemic change. Cities grew out of necessities of defense, transport, and communications. If you wanted a house, store, office, or factory, you built it in a city. But concentrated cities are now vulnerabilities instead of strong points for defense, clogs rather than channels for traffic, and irrelevancies to communication gone electronic. So, except in some cities that have been pruning and transforming, urban centers continue decaying, and all the government's bureaucrats can't put them together again. The tens of billions of dollars vanish without a trace into the urban drains.

3. There are, though, urban elements that seem to be flourishing pretty much on their own. Accelerated by the prevailing nostalgia, the urge to restore and renovate old housing is spreading where there *is* any old housing. Of course this goes some time, though not a very long time, back in some of the oldest urbes—Charleston, the District of Columbia's Georgetown, Boston, Savannah, Augusta, towns like Edenton and Elizabeth City on North Carolina's Albemarle Sound, many New England towns—but it has visibly been taken up elsewhere, usually by spontaneous action of the householders. In dozens of small interior Ohio towns, in New Richmond, along the river not far from Cincinnati, across the river from Cincinnati in Covington, Kentucky, and in small river towns like Warsaw and Henderson, Kentucky, and Jonesboro, Tennessee's first settlement, the older houses and their yards are well-tended, attractive, and, surprisingly often, handsome. Fortunately, the Zeitgeist has reopened our eyes to the charms of Victorian tall windows and conspicuous angles, and even to the turn-of-the-century's towers and solidities.

4. The wandering of the senior citizens is nearing Toynbeean proportions. Everywhere in and along the road, in motels, restaurants, parks, museums, stores, historical sites, tourist traps, camp grounds, churches, antique shops, picnic grounds, interstate rest areas, they—they? that is, we—are swarming. We travel in all brands of car, pickup truck, station wagon, camper, trailer, land yacht, van, and chartered bus. Reading the *New York Times*, you get the impression that most senior citizens are either locked up in nursing homes, huddled in broken-down tenements, or dozing in a St. Augustine park. I can offer first-hand evidence that a formidable number of senior citizens are not only ambulatory but doing a lot of ambling.

I use "formidable" with forethought. In a one-person one-vote nation there's a lot of potential clout in the swelling senior citizen ranks. Indexing Social Security payments, upping the compulsory retirement age, and extending senior citizen discounts are a foretaste that, I suspect, is sharpening senior appetites. The Constitution says you've got to be at least 35 to be President, but it doesn't say anything about an upper limit, does it? These youngsters in office haven't done too well lately, wouldn't you agree? Gerontocracy, the hope of the future!

5. On and by the road there is no inkling of an Energy Crisis. Labor Day weekend was a flood, an avalanche of cars. Cars and other petrolivores are as integral to our society as bathrooms. The idea that Americans can be persuaded by sermons to cut down on energy use is preposterous. Americans will believe there is an energy crisis when they see it. In every direction are bright new service stations begging you to fill up. For the first time in history gasoline prices went *down* in the summer season this year. Does that look like an energy crisis? The President and Congress yak about energy, but don't do anything serious about it. Does *that*? The politicians are all liars and crooks anyway, and that goes for the tycoons and professors. Isn't that what sensible citizens believe by now?

I am more than ever convinced that Americans won't cut significantly down on their energy use until the pumps and their pocketbooks run dry. We'll starve grandma before we let our gas guzzler go hungry. And I'm not sure the French, West Germans, British, Swedes, Italians, Swiss, Belgians, Dutch, and other civilized people are so very different. □

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Notes from the Front

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

WILL ANY INDEPENDENT—that is, "private"—universities and colleges survive till the year 2000? Or till the year 1987—the true Bicentennial Year? In part by intention, in part by neglect, the government of these United States seems to be making war upon such institutions.

I offer you three examples: one a college of Protestant origins, one the Latter Day Saints' only university, one a university founded by the Society of Jesus. Rockford College, the first of the three, is most immediately menaced.

Mr. John A. Howard, a redoubtable opponent of political direction of independent educational institutions, was president of Rockford College until just the other day. (He has resigned now, but will preside over the associated Rockford College Institute.) Rockford College, in Illinois, is a small college of good repute. The Federal Government seems determined to make Rockford smaller.

For recently the federal Office of Guaranteed Student Loans, a branch of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, terminated Rockford's "eligibility to participate in any manner in the GSLP." This means that hereafter no Rockford student can obtain a federally guaranteed student loan—which denial presumably will diminish Rockford's enrollment.

Why? Because Rockford College would not execute a federal form requiring participant colleges to bind themselves to do all sorts of things that the HEW bureaucracy demands. Among other matters, HEW requires participating colleges to refund, in part, the dormitory fees paid by students who drop out or are expelled. As Dr. Howard writes. "Operating on a tight budget, we require our students to take the financial risk of forfeiting the dormitory payment in the event his education is discontinued, since we cannot fill the dormitory bed if it becomes vacant in mid-semester. I believe this is an issue on which honorable people may genuinely arrive at opposite conclusions. At a private college, we have the right to make our own judgments on such questions."

As Dr. Howard told an educational bureaucrat of the state of Illinois, "Such an ultimatum is analogous to the government's dictating to the landlord the temperature at which he must keep an apartment building, because some of the tenants receive Social Security payments. This is government regulation gone berserk." Just so; and so HEW has cast Rockford into the outer darkness.

HOW THE Federal Government has begun to regulate independent and church-related colleges and universities out of existence was explained recently, and forcefully, by Dr. Dallin H. Oaks, president of Brigham Young University, the private institution with the largest enrollment in this country. He was discussing Title IX of the Education Amendments Act of 1972, which contains this congressional provision: "No person in the United States shall, on the basis of sex, be excluded from participation in, be denied the benefits of, or be subjected to discrimination under any educational program or activity receiving federal financial assistance . . ."

HEW, Dr. Oaks points out in detail, has distorted and greatly enlarged the character of this provision:

> "Federal assistance" is defined to include a variety of indirect financial loans, grants, wages, or other funds extended directly to students of the institution. These definitions constitute an illegal and oppressive extension of the coverage of the regulations—a witch's broom on which HEW can ride into any school closet or private chamber. By grammatical sleight-of-hand—insertion of the word "benefits" and substitution of the word "institutions" for the words "program or activity" used by Congress—HEW has attempted to extend its regulatory authority over every program or activity of all institutions that receive or benefit from any federal financial assistance in any individual program or activity.

Merely to fill out federal forms and to comply with minimum federal regulations may cost a private university a million dollars a year: so survival is in question. And what about academic freedom? Today's chief danger to the liberties of the academy, including the right to teach religious dogma and doctrine, comes from the Federal Government.

Father Paul C. Reinert, SJ, chancellor of St. Louis University, speaking at Portland a few months ago, put the matter somberly and succinctly: "If present trends continue into our third century, the difference in American higher education will be profound, for we will have replaced our diversified dual system with a huge monolithic network of state schools. . . . A monopoly has started to hold sway over Academe. If it is allowed to take over completely, it would leave the American people with only one kind of academic institution of higher learning. This would of course spell the end of healthy competition between campuses as we know it today; innovation would be drastically reduced; variety of style, differences of philosophy, variations in method of control and support—all would give way to uniformity."

Dr. Howard commends the "tax credit" plan as one means for saving independent colleges—and pleads for less meddling by government in higher education. Dr. Oaks asks the courts to "strike down the Executive Department's law-making regulations as a violation of separation of powers"—and hopes that the people of this Republic will insist that the President "rescind regulations and practices that have no direct authorization in the language of the congressional enactment." Father Reinert argues that state funds for higher education should go for the support of individual students, rather than merely for the support of state institutions. Amen to the words of all three.

If nothing is done to avert the extinction of the independent institutions, or their absorption into the political apparatus, our lump of higher education will cease to be leavened. When that comes to pass, an educated person may turn out to be defined as one who never set foot within college or university. □

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Books Arts & Manners

Sinus Song

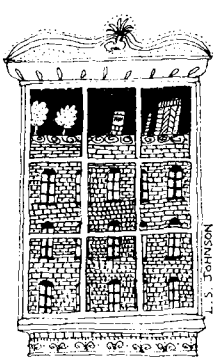
Snowblind
By Robert Sabbag
Bobbs-Merrill, 284 pp., $8.95

D. KEITH MANO

We're handling a classic here: Robert Sabbag will be to cocaine what Dr. Spock was to cradle cap. It's *Snowblind* or *How You Care for and Feed Your Nostrils*: the true snort-by-snort account of one Zachary Swan, who smuggled white Disney dust, a million-million inhales' worth, from Bogota to 125th Street, to Westport, to wherever men sing that lyric sinus song. Swan is/was brilliant: his byzantine pirate strategy alone could give highs. Any writer with a typist and Warriner's *English Handbook* would've made 14k (for kilo) bullion out of Swan's Way, ways. But Sabbag isn't any writer. He plays the rainbow flute; his style can blur typeface. This kid has the drive of something off an International Harvester lot. I hear footsteps behind me. Gotta move faster. Sabbag is coming.

Language will flourish in illegality. Hell, there are more euphemisms for an illicit drug, any drug, than there are for the human male member. This vocabulary shoots *Snowblind* up; Sabbag is glib in it. Crime has always been subcultural; and drug crime, in particular, is the second city. Secret drinkers can hack it, but—unless one has a captive prescription pad—your secret hophead is rare. He needs to score connections. Moreover, a frigged-with consciousness will prefer the companionship of another frigged-with consciousness, as Americans seek Americans in Paris or Rome. Hear Sabbag: "Communication at this level . . . is a kind of space-age remodeling of traditional counter-intelligence techniques . . . a kind of mojo cryptography which contains no universal cipher and is efficient only when two people are doing the same kind of dope." Alcohol language has not progressed in my time. Booze, hooch, juice: I'll bet those terms were the spin-off of Prohibition. Now that marijuana possession is hardly more valuable to New York State than three parking tickets, you can suppose that its vocabulary will set like Rock-crete. Joints, spoons are shared. The riskful drug act has, by nature, been social: secretness and fear love company. Company induces an oblique conversation. And words get made.

Well, not words; meanings, rather. Speed, snow, trip, blow, snort, ups, downs, head, grass, dust, joint, pot: the drug lexicon is compiled from common terms with a subliminal and subversive sense to them. Take that phrase, "doing the same kind of dope." A subject-object relationship has been shuffled. Drugs which do, under the influence of which we come, are done. New transitiveness. A drug verb is a homely creature, yet one that has been given special affect (often through the presence of some unexpected preposition). You *come off* Quaaludes, *shoot up* smack, *turn on* or *onto* anything. What happens is what *went down*, man. These phrases have been hawked, without pedigree, to standard colloquial English. They are its orthodox furniture seen, as the furniture of your room might be, through a cocaine buzz.



THIS WON'T account for Sabbag's power; it's just his travel gear, and Sabbag travels heavy. His style has a burst-capillary rush to it: like the reaction of bodies in shock: chemical, extravagant, potent enough to kill a weak host. Druggies consort with hyperbole, so does Sabbag. His imagery is big and Catherine-wheeling, yet governed, yet sure: someone who has made a Walpurgisnacht deal with the universal metaphor. "He's got on a white felt hat with a brim as wide as the Astrodome . . . velvet trousers with a 28-inch flare . . . and shades . . . 3 A.M. and shades . . . he never bends his knees or his back . . . he folds at the waist . . . he pivots from the hips and struts like a bayou water crane." I could quote, quote. And not for you, for the perfect pleasure of it.

Yet I wonder. Should Swan, Sabbag's upper-middle-class informant, who committed felonies enough to get himself sent up until Gabriel's reveille (but who has a sharp lawyer and got probation instead)—should Swan flash his clever sins in print? Should we allow him? Sabbag, anti-Nixon and pro-cocaine, has great respect for American due process. "The image of a young tourist walking the streets of Casablanca or Mazatlán with a joint in his hand is a myth. . . . The only place you can get away with that is in New York." True, *Snowblind* will also stand as a persuasive brochure for free market economics. Let the price rise and America

Richard Brookhiser *is a contributing editor of* NR. . . . **Nicholas King**, *formerly a UPI man, is also an* NR *contributor*. . . . **Louis D. Rubin Jr.** *is a professor of English at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.*

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will produce. What we ought to do, we ought to make oil a controlled substance. In one month they'd be smuggling tankers through JFK. Then Exxon and Gulf could pick up the expertise. In fact, *Snowblind* gives me an idea. My family has this cement factory, we make white powders—zap, the foolproof scam for smuggling cocaine into Colombia. There's just one wrinkle I have to flatten out. □

The Foxes' Union and Other Stretchers, Tall Tales, and Discursive Reminiscences of Happy Years in Scrabble, Virginia
By James Jackson Kilpatrick
EPM Publications, 174 pp., $9.95

THE SQUIRE OF SCRABBLE

LOUIS D. RUBIN JR.

Of books that are notably delightful, this one is more so than most. James Jackson Kilpatrick's account of life, liberty, and the pursuit of zucchini in Rappahannock County, Virginia, displays him at his most persuasive, witty, and allusive; he is by turns attractively meditative and comical in the extreme.

It was in the year 1966 that Jack, having been for long in city pent, acquired a rundown farm near Washington, Virginia, eighty miles distant from another, more populous (though younger) community of the same name. With his good wife, Marie, calling the shots, the 36-acre tract swiftly ceased to be rundown.

Seven years later, having successively transferred his workday headquarters from Richmond to D.C. to Alexandria, he decided that enough was enough, and settled in, full-time, at White Walnut Hill, "our last, best, and most-loved home." He was now the Squire of Scrabble, a permanent country gentleman, and this book, revised extensively from columns upon the subject, is the record.

The record? Far more than that. It is the homage, the Power and the Glory, the Te Deum. For Jack Kilpatrick has never been a man to hold back his enthusiasms, and almost every page of this volume is a cry of joy at his good fortune at being installed in the Virginia countryside and inhaling the bouquet of the Blue Ridge foothills.

He was not to the alfalfa and manure born, as he is at pains to point out. Except for a brief bucolic fling in the late 1940s he had been strictly a city man. When I first knew him, back in the mid-1950s when Dwight was consul, he was moving from the suburbs into the fan district of downtown Richmond, and it was with undisguised pleasure that he bequeathed his power mower to me, while quoting Poe to the effect that this was it. But Marie Kilpatrick, who likes to grow things as well as to sculpt and paint, yearned for the hinterlands. It was Marie who spied the classified ad that resulted in the acquisition of the 36 acres. As usual, Marie was right; and this book, ultimately, was written in praise of her wisdom in opting for cows and scenery.

The Foxes' Union chronicles how and why the Kilpatricks moved to the country, how they raised White Walnut Hill up to its present splendor, what they do there, what their neighbors do, the native flora and fauna, the virtues of the black-eyed pea, etc. One encounters in it meditations upon rabbits, ground-hogs, cows (Jack is not procow), chipmunks, two skunks named Rosebud and Lord Macaulay, and even a talking philodendron. There is much about foliage and firewood. Every bit of it is pleasant to read.

But the finest episode, I think, is one involving fox hunting. Though Jack is no hunter, many of his neighbors are, and sometimes he goes out in the evening to sit about a fire and listen to the dogs running their prey. Rappahannock County foxes, however, are apparently fully unionized—twentieth century foxes, Jack says—and they take no sass from dog or human. They do not object to being pursued, but they will not under any circumstances permit themselves to be caught. In particular a vigorous young fox by name of Red Mackenzie is noted for having precipitated an 11-day wildfox strike because of a bit of unruly, if ineffective, harassment by two local residents.

In any event, one bright autumn day the Kilpatricks were observing the progress of a fox-hunting expedition across the way. They could see the hunters clearly, yet could espy no hounds. I quote:

> You will find this hard to believe, and indeed I blush to relate the dreadful tale, *but the hounds were behind the horses*—about three hundred yards behind. They were crying, "Wait for us!" and, "Hold up a bit!" but the field swept on. Then, what did our incredulous eyes behold but the fox, *two hundred yards behind the hounds!* This happened to be the same Mackenzie who had figured in the contretemps some years before. I have never seen an angrier animal in my life. He had twisted a front paw on a stone, and was noticeably limping. Every few steps he paused to whistle through his teeth. He was shouting, "You idiots!" and "Come back!" and, "Have you lost your cotton-pickin' minds?" The embarrassing experience left Mackenzie sorely depressed. He resigned from Local 211 the following year, and the last I heard he had taken to drink.

Such is fox hunting, or as Wilde once called it, the unspeakable in pursuit of

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the uneatable, as practiced in and about Scrabble, Virginia, and narrated by the resident prothonotary thereof.

I praise, therefore, the book, the author, and the occasion. 'Twas a fortunate day for us all when Marie Kilpatrick spotted that want-ad. □

Five Seasons
By Roger Angell
Simon & Schuster, 413 pp., $9.95

A FAN'S NOTES

DONALD HALL

Roger Angell's *Five Seasons* bears comparison with one other baseball book—Roger Angell's *The Summer Game* (1972). The new book is even better than the first, and renders the game from various places of enlightened vantage. In *The Summer Game* Angell remained largely in the stands, describing the green mural as innings transpired before him—descriptions which blended the welcome repetitions of the game with its sudden minute varieties of action. He described a painting (a strange one, with moving figures) which carried its own light with it. Now in *Five Seasons* he describes baseball as if it were sculpture, which changes as you perceive it by walking around it, or as day's light moves over the stone from pink dawn through white noon to yellow twilight. Now he writes not only observing the game itself, as the sport's most articulate fan, but observing the work of professionals on the sidelines: owner, ex-player, roving scout. He writes of lawsuits and commissioners, players' unions and free agents, lockouts and the DH and nighttime World Series TV spectaculars; he writes of Howard Cosell and Bowie Kuhn.

Still, the *best* of Angell renders the game on the field. He loves to describe Luis Tiant's pitching motion, stylist on stylist; on page forty we hear, in Angell's best note-taking manner:

> Stands on hill like sunstruck archaeologist at Knossos. Regards ruins. Studies sun. Studies landscape. Looks at artifact in hand. Wonders: Keep this potsherd or throw it away? Does Smithsonian want it? Hmm. Prepares to throw it away. Pauses. Sudd. discovers *writing* on object. Hmm. Possible Linear B inscript. ? Sighs. Throws. Wipes face. Repeats whole thing.

I forgot to mention that, in the course of rendering and advocating, Angell from time to time is extremely funny.

Five Seasons is a fan's notes on baseball from 1972 through 1976, five early seasons and on-going seasons, and five specimens of the World Series, featuring the 1975 epic between Reds and Red Sox. Angell describes extraordinary things with humor and vigor, but he excels at rendering the game's Ordinary Moments—a normal July in an undistinguished year—and stops action like a good sports photograph, freezing for the perpetual album of memory not a dramatic moment but a typical one. Baseball's *echt* moment is typical or ordinary; those who cherish the game cherish repeated scenes, and Angell is Shakespeare to the diamond's archetypes.

In *Five Seasons* there's a long chapter on a baseball scout, Ray Scarborough; there's a brilliant section about Steve Blass, the Pittsburgh pitcher who suddenly and unaccountably lost the control which had been his meal ticket—never to retrieve it. Because Blass is an agreeable, humorous, likable man—as well as (formerly) an excellent pitcher—he has been the subject of articles by baseball's best prose writers: Roger Kahn and Pat Jordan, as well as Roger Angell, have had their say on Steve Blass. Angell's has been the most considerable say.

Angell's prose is graceful and pleasant, with never a misstep, never cliché or corn or overstatement or pomposity. What a pleasure it is to read him, like the pleasure of watching effortless fielding around second base. Angell can *pick it*. And the construction of his articles—as well as the dance of syntax and the proportion of analogies—makes for our pleasure. He paces his essays—up and down, slow and fast, back and forth—leading the reader lightly, giving him just enough of each subject to leave him wanting more. I watch his essayistic subtleties and shenanigans with admiration and despair, much as a Beer League softball pitcher might observe Luis Tiant.

When Angell comes to the subject of baseball's owners and the imperatives of television—to Howard Cosell and Bowie Kuhn—anger replaces his usual good humor, as he defends the game against the gods of hype. Cosell is obnoxious; his broadcasts interrupt baseball for show business, with dictionary words thoroughly misused. But Bowie Kuhn is more dangerous; he fronts for corporate greed at the expense of an American institution. Angell leaves us a vision of Commissioner Kuhn at his work of con: sitting upright, falsely cheerful, freezing to death in a suitcoat at an October TV World Series night game—played under wintry stars, against the game's nature, to score high ratings for advertisers.

CRITICISMS OF baseball's enemies form a rightful part of this book, because Angell's prose and vision serve the game. But the *plupart* of *Five Seasons* is grandly positive. For instance, the book begins with a superb meditation on The Ball, which concludes with a passage of mad genius:

> I don't think anyone can watch many baseball games without becoming aware of the fact that the ball, for all its immense energy and unpredictability, very rarely escapes the control of the players. It is released again and again—pitched and caught, struck along the ground or sent high in the air—but almost always, almost instantly, it is recaptured and returned to control and safety and harmlessness. Nothing is altered, nothing has been allowed to happen. This orderliness and constraint are among the prime attractions of the sport; a handful of men, we discover, can police a great green country, forestalling unimaginable disasters. A slovenly, error-filled game can sometimes be exciting, but it never seems serious, and is thus never truly satisfying, for the metaphor of safety—of danger subdued by skill and courage—has been lost. Too much civilization, however, is deadly—in this game, a deadly bore. A deeper need is stifled. The ball looks impetuous and dangerous, but we perceive that in fact it lives in a slow, guarded world of order, vigilance, and rules. Nothing can ever happen here. And then once again the ball is pitched—sent on its quick, planned errand. The bat flashes, there is a new, louder sound, and suddenly we see the

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ball streaking wild through the air and then bounding along distant and untouched in the sweet green grass. We leap up, thousands of us, and shout for its joyful flight—free, set free, free at last.

With such writing in its service, baseball will survive commissioners and commentators. With any luck, it will survive as late as 1982, when by my calculations we ought to be gifted with a third volume of Roger Angell on baseball. □

PR as in President
By Vic Gold
Doubleday, 251 pp., $8.50

HACKS AND FLACKS

RICHARD BROOKHISER

Hacks, we were taught to believe, were villains—swart, paunchy little men with grimy shirts and stale cigars who congregated in back rooms to swing the ninth precinct, or nominate Warren G. Harding. Hacks were the grit on the mirror of democracy; and by brushing them aside—by multiplying presidential primaries and restricting the scope of behind-the-scenes politicking—we would get a clearer reflection of the people's will. What we got instead were flacks—the pollsters, gag writers, media specialists, and hair stylists who are to a modern election what mercenaries were to the Thirty Years' War, and whose task is to manipulate the people as shamelessly as the hacks once manipulated each other. If not more shamelessly: for while hacks traded favors—things for things—flacks traffic in images, in appearances, in nothings.

Vic Gold's account of the 1976 election labels it "the most public-relations–oriented presidential campaign in history"; and Gold should know. A former flack for Goldwater and Agnew, he stayed on the sidelines for this one, observing and asking questions ("Is Mrs. Ford still using her CB?"). His collection of answers is narrated in the New Journalistic third person—"The retired Flack, a veteran of two national campaigns . . ."—a technique which can be deathly when it is forced to carry a load of Maileresque epiphanies. But Gold has not written another book about writing a book. Indeed that practice, he shows, is the core of the problem.

Political theater, of course, has always been with us. Harrison drank cider and Lincoln split rails in order to associate themselves with cider drinkers and rail splitters. Similarly, Carter carried his own suitbag, and Ford wore Bear Bryant's football cap; Carter kicked off his campaign at Warm Springs (FDR), Ford whistle-stopped through Michigan (Truman)—all simple gestures, designed to elicit simple responses.

As soon as newsmen are added to the equation, however, things become more complicated. Ideally, the media simply transmit; but reporters are as human as voters, and their reactions often distort their reporting. Gold speculates, for instance, that much of Udall's supposed dullness was due to the boredom of those covering him. "To an outside observer, Udall comes through as a grassroots Western personality, well-informed, quick-witted. But National Capital newsmen see him as the same old Mo they've known for 16 years, talking about the same programs, cracking the same jokes."

When newsmen are not behaving like humans, they behave like newsmen, and the distortions become yet more subtle. Compelled to provide new stories, new film-clips, new photographs every day, they hunt for angles which may not be there, and resent candidates who do not provide them. Set speeches are anathema; during the North Carolina primary, the Ford correspondents managed to kill a line of which they had grown tired by chanting it in unison as the President spoke it. Complete surprises are even worse. The Schweiker announcement, according to Schweiker's press secretary, "would have come off better had it not been a bombshell. . . . Experts do not like surprises. It makes them look bad at the home office, back at the news room where their editors expect them to be *competitive*; which means, don't just give us the news when everybody else has it get it *first*. A leak here, a hint there . . . [and] a few columnists and commentators with a vested interest in their own

RANDOM NOTES

■ More October Titles: Elena Wilson, widow of the critic Edmund, is the editor of *Letters on Literature and Politics: 1912-1972* (Farrar, $20), a compilation of her husband's epistles to the literary. There is a foreword by Leon Edel and an introduction by Daniel Aaron. . . .In *Robert Frost: The Work of Knowing* (Oxford, $11.95), Richard Poirier seeks to rectify what he regards as misinterpretations of Frost and his work, including some disseminated by Mr. Lawrance Thompson, the poet's multivolume biographer. . . . In 1879 James Murray, a lowly schoolmaster, was entrusted by the Philological Society of England with the task of editing the Oxford English Dictionary, a task that was not completed until the publication of the last part of the OED in 1928. Murray's granddaughter, K. M. Elisabeth Murray, describes the progress of this immense labor in *Caught in the Web of Words: James A. H. Murray and the Oxford English Dictionary* (Yale, $15).

A former Israeli Prime Minister publishes *Aba Eban: An Autobiography* (Random House, $15). . . . Robert F. Drinan, the first priest to be elected to Congress and one of the worst ever to be elected to anything, including the priesthood, has written *Honor Thy Promise: America's Commitment to Israel* (Doubleday, $7.95). It is rumored that Father Drinan's next book will *not* be *Honor Thy Promise: America's Commitment to Southeast Asia*. . . . Raoul Berger's *Government by Judiciary: The Transformation of the Fourteenth Amendment* (Harvard, $15) is a powerful account of how the Warren Court and legal revisionists in general have twisted the Fourteenth Amendment to mean precisely the opposite of what its framers intended. . . . Ephraim Sevela, a Russian Jew, was given asylum in 1971 by the Israeli government. His book, *Farewell Israel!* (Gateway, $12.95), records six years in a land Sevela considers corrupt, bureaucratic, and racially discriminatory.

■ Franciscan Herald Press in Chicago is publishing Thomas Molnar's revised *Dialogues and Ideologues* ($6.95).

■ The Sex Pot: Never met a man you didn't like? Get a copy of *The Joy of Gay Sex* (Crown, $12.95) by (Dr.) Charles Silverstein and Edmund White. . . . Spoil the rod and spare the child, say Bertha Harris and (Dr.) Emily Sisley in a companion volume, *The Joy of Lesbian Sex* (Crown, $12.95).

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prophetic powers might have written favorable copy."

In order to satisfy these ravenous demands, the flacks draw more and more aspects of the campaign under their control. Everything becomes geared to impact; announcements of policies, even policies themselves, are selected less for what they are intended to accomplish, than for what they may be perceived to be intending. The epistemological maneuvers surrounding the debates were as intricate as a No drama. Ford was the incumbent, so Carter benefited from being an underdog. But Ford was also thought of as a klutz, so he became more of an underdog than Carter. Therefore, even if Carter won, he would lose, because he had been expected to win. But if he lost the first debate, that would increase his chances of winning the second, because Ford by then would have become the winner . . .

What is particularly remarkable about all these omen-readings and table-rappings is that they were not conducted in the secrecy of campaign think-tanks, but were quite openly analyzed and discussed by the flacks themselves. In the last stages of decadence, flacks promote—flacks. Much of the impact of Ford's carefully prepared acceptance speech at Kansas City, for example, was vitiated by the eagerness of the Ford people to discuss the preparations. "They [had] to tell their friends in the press exactly how the mediamorphosis came about—the central role *they* played in shaping history." Carter's staff was afflicted with a comparable case of garrulity; Carter himself, with an ex-engineer's fascination with how things work, was more than willing to dwell upon tactics, images, stratagems.

If there is any cause for hope, it is in the possibility that these excesses are not inevitable products of technology, but reflections of the weaknesses of a particular set of candidates. In the wake of Watergate, with newsmen still operating under letters of marque to expose anything and everything, only an especially strong man could have resisted their importunities. From Gold's account, the two major-party nominees come off as very shallow indeed. Carter's pollsters ply him with bulletins so fine-tuned that they register new fluctuations of local opinion even as the campaign plane touches down; Ford's speech-therapists work on his delivery to such little avail that one of them blurts, "Mr. President, these are words. They mean something"—and after two hundred pages of such goings-on, Gold himself blurts: "Who are these people? A President trying to act like a President; a Jimmy Carter trying to act like a Jimmy Carter . . ."

In contrast to these two, Gold sets Reagan and MacBride. Roger MacBride, the Libertarian Party nominee, has to be the most charming political quixotic since Norman Thomas. In mid-September, Gold met with MacBride's national campaign chairman, who complained to him of the dearth of exposure. Gold advised him to follow the McCarthy-Maddox route, and sue for equal time. The Libertarian only shook his head: "A candidate can't go around the country saying he's against government intervention, then file a suit for government intervention, can he?"

Reagan, without the luxury of certain defeat, could not be so pure, and he played the media sweepstakes as assiduously as anyone. But on at least one occasion, he bucked his flacks on a matter of tactics (insisting on a half-hour TV spot for the North Carolina primary); and, more important still, bucked them—or simply did not consult them—on matters of principle. The principles sometimes got him in trouble; at other times, they yielded unlooked-for dividends—the Panama Canal position, the most noteworthy issue of his campaign, was no flack ploy, but a standard line of The Speech which unexpectedly touched a public nerve.

But perhaps the greatest tribute to the tenacity of principles is the lengths to which some politicians still go to defuse them. One anecdote not included in Gold's book came to me from Larry Uzzell, the director of the Reagan research staff. In Kansas City, the Reagan forces were gearing up for a floor fight on the foreign policy plank. In the midst of their preparations, Martin Anderson received an unexpected call from the Ford camp. We'll accept your plank, he was told, just change three things. Anderson said no. Half an hour later, the Ford people called again. How about two things? Still the answer was no. Half an hour later, a third call. All right, the Ford people said, we'll let you have it. The floor fight then shifted to 16-c.

Gold concludes with a quotation from Thucydides: "I shall be content if those pronounce my History useful who desire to give a view of events as they really did happen, and as they are very likely to repeat themselves—if not exactly the same, yet very similar." The less similar, the better. □

ROCK

HEIRS OF ELVIS

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

By the time he died, Elvis Presley seemed terribly old-fashioned by comparison with the current rock scene. How did it get from Elvis to Elton, let alone to sophisticated musicians like Carly Simon and Maria Muldaur, who don't depend on shrieking fans for their sustenance? How is it that rock has remained rock, while offering adult satisfactions never adumbrated in "Hound Dog" or "A Big Hunk o' Love"? Of course he started it, though he can't be credited with all the later refinements.

It is commonplace to say that he came along about the same time Marlon Brando and James Dean became big film stars, that he himself became the focal point of a rebel teenage culture that was, circa 1956, looking for someplace to happen. Commonplace, but true, and relevant.

The striking thing about that rebellion was its rejection of urbanity. Brando might be described as the opposite of John Gielgud. Olivier, with his fire and earth, might have seemed opposite at one time to the ethereal and tremulous elegance Gielgud personified, but the two were really complementary, and could alternate, for instance, as Romeo and Mercutio. An-

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other figure who regarded conventional polish as suspect (or "phony"), J. D. Salinger's Holden Caulfield, complained that Olivier played Hamlet "too much like a goddam general or something." Brando couldn't even have been a private. He was an aesthetic anarch whose advent marked the end of the pear-shaped tone; it would have been incongruous for him to appear on the same stage with Gielgud, though they once appeared in a film of *Julius Caesar* together. They were opposite not as complements, but as incompatibles.

ELVIS WAS THE opposite of—well, let's see. Vaughn Monroe, say. His co-appearance with any singer before him would have changed the nature of the occasion. He gloried in raw intensity. His hair was shockingly long and greasy, combed back into what was politely referred to as a ducktail; his curled lip defied the convention that singers must be either smiling or soulful; his body was a frenzy of coital spasms. And of course his voice, gritty, raucous, shrieked and moaned and hiccuped the native woodnotes wild of the rutting season. Uh, "suggestive."

Everybody recognized the symptoms right away, but they hadn't expected to see it in public. It was ominous, shocking, a harbinger of moral chaos. To like him was to take a dare; to imitate him, a defiance that idle young kids, lower-class and white-trash manqués, readily adopted. Despised they might be, but Elvis gave them a style of their own on the margin of the mainstream that was forced to come to terms with him.

It is hard to remember his impact now, because he became an institution in record time. He didn't mean to, any more than he meant to rebel. He really was just himself, troubled when people disapproved of him, flattered when they loved him. He loved his mother with touching devotion, he sirred and ma'amed his interviewers; though denounced from pulpits, he crooned an album of down-home hymns like "The Old Rugged Cross"; he served in the Army with dutiful patriotism, refusing special treatment available to him as an entertainer. He unaffectedly made it clear he didn't think he was any better than anyone else—which proved oddly reassuring to people who had been making him sound *worse* than anyone else. By the time he died he was about as redolent of sulphuric rebellion as Bing Crosby.

A Brando could grumble that acting was a trivial occupation in a world full of racism and all that, and threaten to leave it for Higher Things. But such self-conscious perspective on his vocation was beyond Presley. He loved what he did and the adulation he got for it, and if he was a rebel he was a rebel *malgré lui*. He was as naïve as his own music, which, apart from his voice, seemed to consist of a three-string guitar and a cowbell.

Though he never developed, rock did, and by the Sixties it had drawn infusions of sophistication from multitudinous sources without ceasing to be, first and last, a youth culture, with suitable affectations. Stars like Bob Dylan and Mick Jagger knew enough about the "objective situation" to impersonate the alienation Elvis never really knew he represented. Their sound was deliberately ugly. When a friend introduced me to Dylan's music, he had played two songs and part of a third before he realized he had the record on at the wrong speed.

Though Dylan was a convert to rock, he had his biggest influence on the rock world as a contemporary folk singer in the protest vein. And by an odd irony, his conversion to rock involved his abandonment of protest music. "Something's happening and you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones?" sang the adult-baiting early Dylan. The times they were a-changin', and a hard rain was gonna fall, thanks to the masters of war. Elvis wouldn't have known what the hell he was talking about. Then, abruptly, Dylan brought in electric guitars, offending many of his folk-protest constituency, and started singing songs of private, often enigmatic interest, as if to tell the offended they could go folk off. When hipper-than-thou avant-gardesman Nat Hentoff tried to get him to explicate the radical manifesto latent in his early music, Dylan replied wearily (if disingenuously) that they were just *songs*, that's all, and sighed, "I wonder if Tony Bennett has to go through this."

Well, Elvis never had to go through it: nobody ever suspected his songs of harboring a *Weltanschauung*. But kids had realized that his music was theirs, their parents being estopped by breeding and maturity from admitting its funky attraction. That was its original justification and power. But the ultimate result was not only a rock culture but a rock tradition, within which a kind of reconstruction has taken place, rediscovering and incorporating within its conventions many of the things, artistic and substantive, that rock seemed by its nature to reject. Carly Simon is a great torchy-rock singer, often very funny; and she isn't above poking fun at protest. Gordon Lightfoot and Joni Mitchell, like Dylan, have come out of the folk (or neo-folk) scene, and though their songs include a tithe of liberal pieties, there is none of the amplified nihilism of the Sixties in their music, but rather a soft conservative impetus in the form of private concerns and satisfactions. That's where it all started, though much more crudely, with Elvis. The last thing I heard him sing before his death was a Lightfoot song, "Early Morning Rain." He sang it very sweetly, too. □

DELECTATIONS

SIX EASY PIECES

NIKA HAZELTON

American cooking, it seems to me, is going in two directions. The first is that there is less and less family cooking, and what there is is based largely on convenience foods. Fast food is the new culinary wave; as who could doubt it, traveling on the nation's highways? (Fast food places are becoming classier too, to compete with restaurants.) What can beat taking a family of four to McDonald's or some such place, where you can feed the whole lot for around $10? Pa doesn't have to pay much, Ma doesn't have to cook, and the kids are in culinary heaven . . . The other way is toward fancy cooking, at least for company; however, there is a rash of fancy new convenience and frozen foods to prove that this is just another aspect of the same trend. One way or the other, pre-prepared food is coming to be America's basic fare.

However, some people still cook

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from scratch. Here are a few simple recipes I make when I don't have much time and don't know what to cook.

Fried Mozzarella Sandwiches (Mozzarella in Carrozza)

8 slices stale firm white bread
4 slices mozzarella, each about ¼ to ½ inch thick
Flour
2 eggs, lightly beaten
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
Olive oil
Anchovy Sauce (*see below*)

Trim the crusts from the bread to make slices of equal size. Dip the mozzarella into the flour on all sides, shaking off excess flour. Place each slice of mozzarella between two slices of bread. Dip the sandwiches into the beaten egg. Pour the oil (to the depth of about ¾ inch) into a deep frying pan and heat. Fry the sandwiches, turning once, until golden brown on both sides. Drain on paper towels. Serve hot.

Note: These sandwiches are good for lunch or meatless days, served whole, with anchovy sauce. Or cut the sandwiches into halves or quarters for hot appetizers.

Anchovy Sauce

For Fried Mozzarella Sandwiches, pasta, or boiled fish

¼ cup olive oil
¼ cup butter
4 garlic cloves, minced
2 cans (2 ounces each) flat anchovy fillets, drained
¼ cup minced parsley

Heat the oil and butter in a small saucepan. Add the garlic and cook, stirring constantly, until the garlic turns barely golden; do not brown. Add the anchovies and cook, stirring all the time, until the anchovies have disintegrated. Stir in the parsley. Serve the sauce very hot, drizzled over the food on which you are serving it. Yield: About ¾ cup.

Filling Rice Pilaf

½ cup butter or margarine
3 medium onions, finely chopped
⅓ cup chopped walnuts, almonds, or whole pine-nuts
⅓ cup raisins, plumped in warm water and drained
2 cups Uncle Ben's rice
4 cups hot chicken or beef bouillon (make it from a cube)
2 large tomatoes, skinned, seeded, and chopped
¼ cup minced parsley
1 teaspoon ground sage
½ teaspoon ground marjoram
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon

Heat the butter in a large, heavy saucepan. Cook the onions, stirring constantly, until they are soft and golden; do not brown. Add the nuts and raisins and cook for 2 more minutes. Add the rice. Over medium heat and stirring constantly, cook the rice until it looks glassy. Add all the other ingredients and mix well. Bring to the boiling point and immediately lower the heat to simmer. Cover and cook over lowest possible heat for about 20 minutes or until the rice is tender; stir only once, toward the end of the cooking time. Turn off heat, but keep saucepan on stove. Remove the cover of the saucepan, place a clean kitchen towel over the rice, and cover again. Let stand for 5 minutes to absorb any remaining moisture from the rice. Yield: 6 to 8 servings.

(I used to cook this for my sons and their friends, who needed good basic food. Guests liked it too.)

Panfried Potatoes with Mozzarella

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons olive oil
4 cups cooked, peeled potatoes, sliced
½ cup diced mozzarella
2 teaspoons dried rosemary, crumbled; or 1 teaspoon fresh rosemary leaves
Salt
Freshly ground pepper

Heat the butter and olive oil in a frying pan. Add the potatoes. Over low to medium heat, cook the potatoes until they are turning golden. Stir them carefully with a fork. Stir in the mozzarella, the rosemary, and salt and pepper to taste. Cook until well-blended and golden. Serve hot. Yield: 4 servings.

(A change, and good with scrambled eggs and/or sausages for a simple supper.)

Fresh Pineapple for Guests

1 large ripe pineapple, peeled and cut into small wedges
¼ cup Kirsch
Sugar to taste, if necessary
½ cup shelled pistachio nuts, coarsely chopped
Grated rind of 1 orange

Put the pineapple into a glass or silver serving dish. Add the Kirsch and toss. Taste for sweetness, and, if necessary, add a little sugar. Sprinkle with the pistachio nuts and orange rind; do not toss. Chill. Take to the table and toss. Serve with Amaretti di Saronno, the slightly bitter Italian almond macaroons found in gourmet shops and Italian groceries; they are the best of all-purpose cookies. Yield: 6 servings.

Avocado Cream

3 ripe avocados
6 tablespoons sugar
Juice of 1 lemon, or to taste

Peel the avocados and remove the seeds. Cut the flesh into pieces and put it in a blender with the sugar and the lemon juice. Puree and transfer to glass serving dish or sherbet cups. Chill briefly and serve. Yield: 3 to 4 servings.

This simple and excellent Brazilian dessert should be made at the last minute—that is, just before the beginning of the meal at which it is to be served. □

YACHTING

THE AMERICA'S CUP

NICHOLAS KING

Newport, R.I.—The America's Cup is the most aristocratic and fetish-ridden of yachting events, and the fact that it is held off Newport redoubles its glamor. There are the ocean, the green-gold landscape, the magnificent sailing craft —mysterious in their action, cloud-like in their beauty. There is the city too, historical and worldly. The city and the Cup race co-exist in harmonious imperturbability, for the event is fleeting,

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yet it recurs with the predictability of the tides.

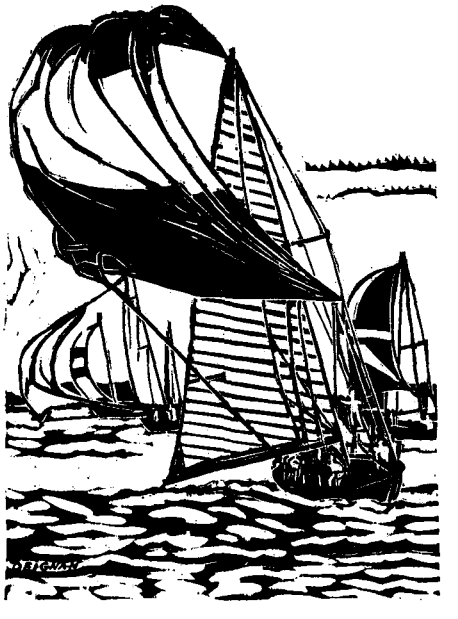
The America's Cup activity has been more strenuous this summer than in the last races three years ago, because this year there were four challengers from three countries, whereas previously there had been two at most. Since this is a one-to-one match—with only one challenger and one defender—the French, the Swedish, and the two Australian boats have had to fight it out in trials and eliminations all summer long in Block Island Sound. Indeed the multitude of trial runs, statements, protests, crew changes, and tantrums have been too much for people to follow, and the growing cloud of boredom was not dissipated by the widely held expectation that the American defender, *Courageous*—she of the green decks and the green spinnakers, skippered by the crafty anti-hero Ted Turner—would have little trouble beating *Australia*, which has been "campaigned" by the Alan Bond syndicate. (Turner is the man described by a Newport hostess as "a rough diamond—he's only had his money for one generation.")

THE SWEDES were the popular foreigners this time. They conquered Newport with their looks, their manners, and their style, not to mention a tourist campaign that extended as far as New York and brought with it an influx of blue-and-yellow yachting gear in the shops. Moreover, the King of Sweden was said to have promised to fly to the U.S. in the event *Sverige* won the trials, a thing that Newport understood thoroughly. The French never had a look-in in any department after their incredibly bad luck in building a new boat specially for the races, only to discover that their old boat, left over from 1974, was distinctly the better of the two.

Furthermore, if the cup has to be lost, it is infinitely preferable to have to go to Stockholm to get it back than to some antipodean yacht club in the suburbs of an Australian city. As it was, the Swedes ensconced themselves on both sides of the narrows entering Newport harbor, and, as if claiming a colony, hauled up two giant blue flags with yellow crosses, one at the dock of Hammersmith Farm (once the home of Jackie Onassis), the other across the way at their private shipyard, for these boats have to be hauled out of the water nearly every day for cleaning and tinkering.

It requires a terrible push to get to see the races at all. There are no more great yachts from whose decks one might watch them in comfort, or, if there are, they are not owned by one's friends. One is obliged to take tickets by the day—not cheaply either—on some tubby ferry recruited from its regular run to Cuttyhunk. Nor are the Twelve-Meters, which are not very big, clearly visible to the naked eye even in the best of weather, since such great distances must be kept from them. In fact, one can easily go out and sit in a dense fog, so common at this time of year, for eight hours. Unlike almost all other observers of sporting events, those who watch the America's Cup rarely have a tale to tell beyond laments of inconvenience and frustration. Very few of them can be in at the finish, and so the investment is unlikely to yield a satisfactory return in terms of personal experience.

Such matters, of course, are of very little concern to the yachtsmen themselves, who pursue their activities with a fierce and often self-conscious fever. There seems to be no sport at all (if the word "sport" does not pop its backstays under the strain), not even horses, which breeds such contempt for the layman, or more vainglory among the initiates. The yachtsmen involved in the America's Cup—that is, the skippers and navigators and sailmakers and designers and managers, even plain ordinary "winch beef"—give the impression of being not sailors but supernal businessmen who loose their demonic energies, like a series of white squalls,



over the water. It is as if Captain Kidd took leave of his duties as the head of the Harvard Business School every so often, stuck a knife between his teeth, and embarked upon a little prestige sea-roving.

Indeed, the awe-inspiring precision that is necessary to the winning of races; the intensity of hull design and sail cutting; the arcane pains taken to make the boats go as fast as possible, including, they say, the application of contact-lens fluid to their sleek flanks; the nervous horror of instantly fatal mistakes—all serve to define a world of strain and effort into which no outsider can enter, and from which a forbidding ill-humor seems to keep all but the staunchest. Before the Second World War, Cup race crews were paid professionals and the skipper-owners, like Harold Vanderbilt or Sir Thomas Lipton, were highly skilled amateurs. Now the skippers and crews are professional amateurs or amateur pros. and everything is paid for by an anonymous syndicate run by people who solicit contributions as for a charity or a foundation.

It is true that the New York Yacht Club boards and committees which reign as Olympian stewards over the Cup and its competitions still manage to exude the gentlemanly relaxation of old, what with their ribboned straw hats and their red trousers. But their briefcases and their conference-room preoccupation belie their outward ease of manner. They certainly are not to be stopped for an answer to any question, especially a question posed by one of the chumps in the spectator fleet.

And it is quite a fleet: Newport Harbor has never been so full of floating objects. In many cases, only a few feet of water separates one boat from another, for this is the marine fashion show of the year. Along the piers and wharves lie some of the bigger craft, power yachts mostly: great floating bars-and-grills adazzle with varnish and chrome and furnished according to nautical fantasies that run from ultra suede pillows to Duncan Phyfe dining rooms. These sea-going limousines, designed for inordinate comfort and cut along ungainly if not downright hideous lines, cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to buy and hundreds of thousands more, every year, to stock and keep up. No wonder so many of them are registered in Delaware, that haven of corporation home-porting. →

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

IN TERMS OF reader sex appeal, a prosaic title such as *Financing Politics* (Congressional Quarterly Press, 1414 22nd Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037; $4.50) is not, admittedly, a turn-on. Something like *How You Can Profit from the Coming Nuclear Holocaust* is more to current taste.

Nonetheless, this study of political finance and efforts to reform it is recommended fare for those who want to understand the drastic changes now occurring in our electoral system. Not that author Herbert Alexander, a leading expert on this subject and director of the Citizens' Research Foundation, is ever less than perfectly objective. It's simply that the thing, as he describes it, speaks all too plainly for itself.

Alexander reviews the considerable history of attempted influence-buying in our politics and the sporadic efforts of the Congress to control it. He tells us much that we deserve to know, not all of which can be recited here. He makes it clear, for one thing, that the finagling of the moneyed interests in 1972 occurred, in many cases, because these interests were under pressure from the government, not the other way around. The milk producers, for example, were almost entirely dependent on federal favor for survival. Ditto for ITT, facing a federal divestiture action, and many other businesses that coughed up demanded sums to help the cause of Nixon-Agnew.

Far from reducing the inordinate government power that triggered these political scandals, the Watergate "reforms" predictably enhanced it. This legislation clamped a $1,000 limit on individual contributions to candidates for federal office, provided taxpayer funding for major-party presidential hopefuls, and placed a ceiling of $25,000 on the amount a single donor could give in one election. The combined effect was to increase the power of incumbents, lock in the major parties, and augment the voting clout of labor unions—since labor's massive "in kind" contributions were not counted.

The heroic scale of these exertions is suggested by *The Hundred-Million-Dollar Payoff* (Public Policy Press, 1721 DeSales Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $2.95), an updated version of Douglas Caddy's invaluable study of Big Labor politicking. Caddy shows the artful manner in which the labor movement uses tax-exempt, compulsory dues to stoke its political machinery—through registration drives, phone banks, extensive mailings, and the like.

When all of this is tallied up, Caddy surmises, it appears that labor actually kicks in some $50 million or more per national election (compared to acknowledged gifts of $8 million or thereabouts), justifying the vaunt of the AFL-CIO that its Committee on Political Education "is as fine a piece of political machinery as ever existed in the United States." Caddy documents the lavish support provided by the unions to favor liberal Democrats, and resulting statements of subservience from the beneficiaries. He also summarizes the unions' massive effort in the first election conducted after Watergate "reform"—the John Durkin–Louis Wyman New Hampshire Senate race in 1975.

THAT LABOR'S involvement in this election was decisive is shown in even more detail by *The Closest U.S. Senate Race in History* (J. W. Cummings, Manchester, N.H. 03101; $9.95). Author Donn Tibbetts, political editor of the *Manchester Union-Leader*, provides a thorough survey of the Durkin–Wyman contest—the dead-heat of 1974, the several recounts, and, finally, the special election in which Durkin breezed to victory. The Democratic candidate received some $90,000 from unions in listed contributions, plus an estimated $150,000 of non-reported "in kind" favors, while Wyman was struggling like Laocoön beneath the legal spending limits. On the evidence of these volumes, we have well-nigh reformed ourselves into a full-fledged labor government. □

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2 tsp. cornstarch, 2 tbsp. water

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They have awful names too: some are those painful combinations of male and female—*Jan-Ed*, say, or *Mar-Bara*; others are thunderingly arch, like *Teachers Pet IV*, or *Hatterascal*. The sailing ships, somehow, perhaps innately, are generally called by something more imaginative or dignified, so that one can actually imagine their owners repeating them. But the sailing ships have also degenerated. They so often have a lumpy or oafish look, heavy with cabin structures and machinery, their metal spars and stays rattling like tin cans, their sails, when set, gleaming with synthetics or reduced to obvious stabilizers. No wonder the sight of an old, diminutive Herreschoff Fifteen catches the eye, its gaff mainsail filling with all the beauty sun can bestow on canvas, reminding one that a sailing ship is still the most animate thing ever made by man.

And, oafish or lumpy, these boats are still very human, as they scrape and grind together in their clumsy maneuvering around the Coast Guard tenders struggling to maintain the course lanes free and clear. Their sailing techniques often remind the onlooker of that elaborate and painstaking delicacy which a man who knows he is drunk will employ to set down a crystal glass. Meanwhile some real boats do climb over the horizon and sail by, like that heeling 85-foot ketch *Tempest* from Oyster Bay, or the plain old catboat from Jamestown, which has taken a couple of hours to get past Brenton's Reef, or even the open, dark-green Associated Press launch, making businesslike sorties toward the course markers to get color shots of the spinnakers.

The press, naturally, is here in numbers: the yachting press first and foremost, supported by that press which is not strictly yachting and which yaws about in the wake of the experts picking up the crumbs of expertness. There are correspondents from France and Sweden and Australia, as well as the regulars of the American yachting publications and the more august of the daily sports pages. They have their headquarters in a closely secured granite armory on the waterfront, with rows of telephones and typewriters and a blackboard for announcements, and an area with semi-circles of chairs set aside for briefings; it could as easily have been arranged for the coverage of a diplomatic conference or a murder trial. To top it off, a liquor company is holding an "international regatta" for those members of the press who are willing to subject themselves to sailing in dinghies whose mainsails are blue-and-gold replicas of the label on the bottles of King William IV Scotch.

Whatever the character of Newport's interest in all this, the place has done its part and the list of credits would be long. Boat people complain about the high cost of dockage and general ship servicing, and lodging is scarce, expensive, and not very comfortable; but surely such things are calculated everywhere in the world at a cost the traffic will bear. There are too many automobiles and it is hard to get about the narrow streets of this most authentic and graceful of colonial seaports. Meanwhile, the yachtsmen are welcomed everywhere they wish to go, and a spectacular America's Cup ball is given in their honor at Rosecliff on Bellevue Avenue, Stanford White's white marble version of the Grand Trianon. But if people move on from discussing the America's Cup to the fact that there are two Duchesses of Argyll in Newport at the same time and how does one tell which is which, no one can blame them for fickleness. Interest in either subject is perfectly natural. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

INSIDE THE KGB, *by Aleksei Myagkov (Arlington House, 131 pp., $7.95)*. Despite a title that's a throwback to 1950s B-movies, this rather slim volume is actually an extremely perceptive and thought-provoking study of the inner workings and the mentality of the Soviet ruling apparatus. Myagkov, who defected to the West in 1973, was a KGB intelligence officer, with prior Red Army service, based in East Germany. His memoir is a clear look at the corruption, the venality, and the unspectacular, but poisonously effective, bureaucratic oppression that is the Soviet system. The austere, though brutal, façade of the USSR's socialist system is a sham. Behind its fraternal slogans and egalitarian propaganda exist a rigid caste system, systematized plunder for personal profit, and an almost universal web of graft and hypocrisy. It is, according to Myagkov, almost as if the Czarist ministers who led Mother Russia to disaster had returned and resumed a life of landed estates and drunken revels, with passive serfs standing by. What with the flood of *samizdat* manuscripts reaching the West, his insights are hardly unique, but Myagkov does provide a drastically different perspective, and he offers it with an unexpected sensitivity, and with a deft and brisk style.

DAVID A. PIETRUSZA

THE GOAT, THE WOLF, AND THE CRAB, *by Gillian Martin (Scribner's, 186 pp., $7.95)*. It's a good indication how far the sexual revolution has gone when a forty-year-old woman's sensual history sounds archaic. British novelist Gillian Martin makes one wonder whether the Isles have sunk permanently into the Victorian Age. Heroine Hannah Jackson decides not to be cured of cancer. She prefers death to her life with poor dull husband Henry. He is guilty of such heinous crimes: protecting her, paying her bills, and being so faithful that he lacks sexual prowess. Hannah feels a snide superiority in being able to make brilliant decisions: to die, to refuse her husband morning coffee, to buy sexy satin "knickers." She has no intellectual resources, no altruism, and no ambitions, save one—a great sexual adventure. The scared possessiveness with which she bungles even that, far from being tragic, is downright embarrassing. She thinks she has escaped from her training, but, like the true Puritan her mother raised, she allows herself this lapse only if she pays with her life. She does. A wise decision.

CAROLE CLEAVER

THE ADVENTURES OF JONATHAN CORNCOB, LOYAL AMERICAN REFUGEE, *by Himself edited and introduced by Noel Perrin (Godine, 120 pp., $8.95)*. In a Bicentennial that was not very noteworthy from a literary point of view, the first American printing of *Jonathan Corncob* deserved more attention than it received. Originally published in London in 1787 and probably written by a British naval officer who served in America during the Revolution this clever, ribald little anonymous novel captures the spirit of both stuffy Yankee hypocrisy and Grub Street style in the last third of the eighteenth century. The hero a blend of Candide, Tom Jones, and Ferdinand Fathom, trots briskly through his paces—amatory, political, and martial—and exposes the folly of most of the people and institutions he is exposed to along the way. As editor Perrin points out, *Corncob* is "a bawdy, sexist, racist, anti-American anti-British satire that pokes fun at wan New England Puritans, slavery, and organized religion." For all of which reasons it is much more in keeping with the spirit of the 1770s than most of the plastic piety and raunchy revisionism thrown at us during the Bicentennial. Attractive layout and a delightful series of Hogarthian line drawings by artist Mark Livingston add to the appeal of this enjoyable litle volume of Revolutionary *curiosa*. John Witherspoon however, would not have been amused.

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR

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BERKSON

(Continued from page 1177)

L: On many occasions. But you can always say a few things that are not really hypocritical. For instance if you really like one of your workmates, you can ask after him when he has some trouble or is ill. These are genuine feelings, and these, of course, are OK.

B: I see. Now, to what extent is there real "thought control" in China? I mean, how much do they actually control people's inward thoughts on politics or on the society?

L: The existence of the double life shows that they have not been very successful.

B: Is this true for the young people?

L: Yes, even the young people. I don't think they are so naïve as Mao thinks. To survive you have to be careful every step of the way, and that's how you develop a double personality. You know what you are expected to say, what thoughts to keep to yourself, and how to keep thoughts to yourself. Everybody is a politician, at least in the cities.

B: What about the peasants?

L: No, not the peasants. A peasant just doesn't care. Before the Cultural Revolution many peasants didn't even know who Chou En-lai was. They only knew Mao.

B: But don't they have to attend political meetings?

L: Sure, they take a nap. What can you do? You can punish the intellectuals. You can say, OK, if you are not politically active we'll send you down to the countryside and make you do hard labor. But what can you do to the peasant? He's already there.

B: So these pressures are mostly on professionals and intellectuals?

L: Right. And that is because they are the most dangerous. Because they think and they know how to read and they have access to books. The Communists cannot confiscate all the books, they cannot do that. Yes, the greatest pressure is on them. And it is so intense that many just want to be workers or peasants, to forget about using their minds. This is a very popular thought.

B: In the universities, then, the professors don't even try to think about their subjects?

L: Not too much. First, they have no time at work; second, they have their household affairs. So many things to do. You hand-wash your clothes, you

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make up your own coal balls for fuel. If you have a baby you wash the diapers. There are so many things to do, you cannot imagine. You line up to buy vegetables, you line up to buy meat, you line up to buy everything. And you have to wash the vegetables very carefully because they are grown with "night soil." And you have to think of your budget. Because you only have $50 a month, and how to spend it takes some planning.

B: I see. Just because of the poverty of the country it's difficult to have any time. But you seem to be saying that in China the system is actually killing off thought.

L: Well, I don't know if it's Chinese. I suppose in the same situation other people would act the same. You know, people do things because it pays to do them. And thinking doesn't pay at all; it's very dangerous.

Intellectuals, if they see somebody being denounced, will realize: Well, I have the same thoughts. If I am found out I will undergo the same humiliation. And then there is what they call indoctrination. If something is repeated to you over and over and over again for twenty, 25 years, you have a tendency to believe it. Even if in your heart of hearts you can't accept it, still it's very hard to resist it altogether.

B: And there's always the threat of punishment hanging over you.

L: Of course they don't punish you every time; they cannot do that. But they make you see that it's really very bad if you try to deviate. And in order to conform you have to learn to think in their logic. This is what people in the West call brainwashing.

B: So only the most thoughtful people keep their own life of the mind, and it's a very isolated one.

L: Very isolated and very devastating because it absorbs your energy.

B: In what sense?

L: In the West, if you are doing something—for instance you are a physicist—of course you think of other things, but you devote all your serious thinking to problems of physics. In China if you are a physicist you devote your thoughts to physics, but you also have to cope with political study, and you have to think along two tracks about politics.

B: You mean you have to think wrong thoughts as well as right ones?

L: And you have to be able to tell them apart. You have to learn to speak the "right" thoughts on certain occasions and you have to be very careful to not let the "wrong" thoughts come out.

B: With all these pressures, do you think that most intellectuals have given up?

L: That's the tragedy of human nature. Very few people really ever give up; they always have some hope. Although they know it's hopeless, they always entertain some hope. That's the weakness. □

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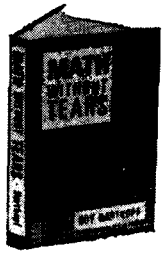

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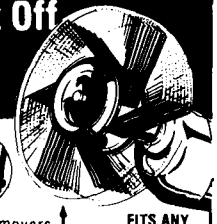

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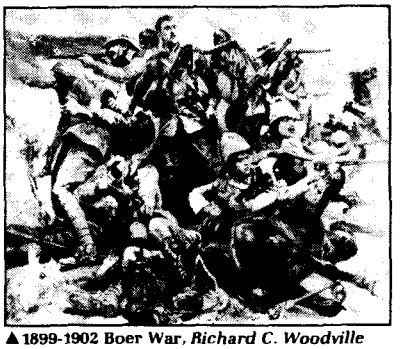

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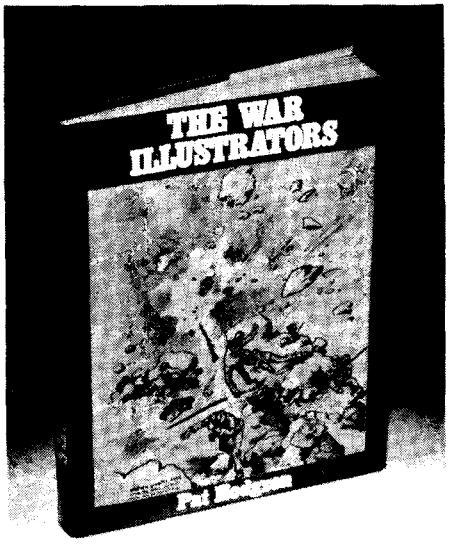

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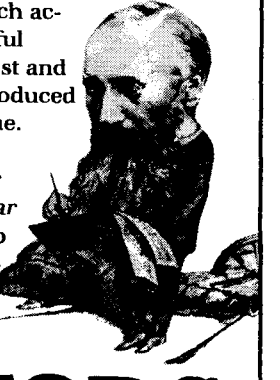

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Mideast Impasse

On The Right

New York, Sept. 28—Mind you, the Palestinian refugees are going to have to be represented somehow at the peace conference, even if in order to do so we have to construct a trapezoidal table. Still, the obduracy of the Begin government on the point—they take the position that never, under *any* circumstances, will they permit the PLO to be present at the bargaining table—is not difficult to sympathize with. One reason is that the PLO is forthrightly devoted to the ideal of the destruction of Israel. But a second reason is the historic behavior of the United States in equivalent situations.

In November 1968, the Thieu government of South Vietnam, scheduled to begin an endless (and fruitless) series of conferences in Paris, refused to permit the presence there of the Vietcong. Thieu's position was straightforward: the Vietcong were agents of the North Vietnamese, not indigenous revolutionaries. To have given them an extra seat at the table would be to replicate the foolishness of the United Nations, where we gave one seat to Russia and others to such of its provinces as the Ukraine and Byelorussia.

The next diplomatic crisis came four years later, when Henry Kissinger initialed a draft peace treaty with the North Vietnamese making dispositions that involved South Vietnam. Thieu refused to sign it. The pressures on him to do so were immense. He warned and warned again of the weaknesses of the understanding, but finally capitulated to pressure. A couple of years later he was tilling the soil on a little farm in Taiwan, his republic having been swallowed up by the enemy.

It is all highly regrettable, but the Israeli government, surveying the record, really has no reason to trust the United States. We are the nicest people in the whole world, but—perhaps it is inevitable—we look after our own interests, narrowly construed, in the crunch, and when the armies roll down to shred carefully constructed agreements—as they did in Poland in 1945, in Laos in 1962, in Vietnam in 1975—what we tend to do is listen to speeches from people like Church and Cooper telling us why we should do nothing to enforce agreements we were primarily responsible for catalyzing. In 1972, as I talked with Mrs. Golda Meir in Jerusalem, she put it to me this way. She happened to be in New York, she recalled, when the Indian army marched on East Pakistan. There was a call for a ceasefire in the Security Council. "I saw it all on television. The diplomats sat around wrangling, even laughing, about the delays in handling the resolution. And when it finally came to a vote —Pakistan had been conquered."

And she concluded: "I love American Presidents. They are always so nice to me. They promise me everything. But do you know what they do not give me? They do not give me the keys to the Sixth Fleet. Without those keys, we are being invited to play the role of Pakistan."

HERE THEN is a substantial problem for—let's face it—American diplomacy. Conceivably there is a terminological escape hatch. To begin with, the PLO should reconcile itself to being represented by another leader than Arafat—at least publicly. Conceivably a non-Palestinian could be got to represent the Palestinian cause, even as Count Bernadotte was conscripted to tender his good offices on behalf of a Middle East peace a generation ago. The Israelis have got to have a security that reaches beyond the mere word of the United States Government, and the Palestinians have got to have a homeland somewhere near the latitudes they grew up in. It is frequently whispered that the true aim of the Israelis is to get from the United States a guarantee of its territorial integrity. But even if that were achieved, what would the guarantee be worth, inasmuch as it would not bring with it the keys to the Sixth Fleet?

Two years ago I proposed in this space that the United States incorporate Israel as the 51st state of the union—which once and for all would have ended the problem of Israeli insecurity. The proposal, for some reason, was not seriously debated. The only argument I heard against it is that it would not be acceptable to the Israelis on the grounds that they would then be represented by only two senators, instead of one hundred. But surely they could be asked to make this sacrifice? □

HOW IT MIGHT HAVE GONE

New York, Sept. 22—Bert Lance's defense was, in part, this: he ran his business in his own easygoing way, but he could prove that he hadn't hurt anybody, quite the contrary. His other defense was rather more precarious. It is one thing to be impartially liberal with the bank's money, another to be liberal to a special set of people, roughly defined as those who control the bank. Indeed, a loan in excess of $10,000 by a company to one of its employees must be listed in the annual proxy statement of a corporation, according to the rules of the Securities and Exchange Commission. But—at this writing—it has not been established that even if there was favoritism, it resulted in any economic loss to the lending institution. If Bert Lance's bank lends a million dollars to Bert Lance's mother-in-law, it does after all make a difference if the old lady is ultimately good for the loan, never mind that it shouldn't have been made in the first instance.

But the overarching irony of the entire situation was singularly unremarked. Here was a former president of two banks, whose conduct was being evaluated by a committee of 17 senators—ten Democrats, and seven Republicans. It takes a remarkably slight exertion of the imagination to reverse the situation and visualize Bert Lance occupying the judge's chair, and the 17 senators sitting in front of him pleading their cases.

Mr. Lance: You, Senator Ribicoff—yes, you. Let me see now. The record shows that during the last Congress you co-sponsored several pieces of legislation. Let me see—hmm—I had a list of them here. *(An aide supplies the missing page.)* Let's begin with the

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Health Security Act. The estimated cost of that act through 1980 would be $400 billion. Now Senator Jackson—you have been sworn, have you not, Senator?—Senator Jackson, you are among the endorsers of the Public Service Employment Act, estimated cost $50 billion. To be sure, along with several other senators in the chamber here, that's right; I never said you were alone in your profligacy with the people's money, Senator. I never leaked to any committee that you—or Senator Javits—or Senator Ribicoff—were uniquely responsible for the inflation in the dollar which over the last four years has devalued the savings of the people by 28 per cent. I try not to be an irresponsible accuser, gentlemen: I hold you, if not equally responsible, at least responsible jointly for losing more money for more people in the United States than I have dollars in my two banks, roughly speaking.

Mr. Lance (continuing): There are other matters to question. Yours is a Committee on Governmental Affairs. Senator Ribicoff, what kind of an investigation have you conducted into the default of the bonds issued by New York City in 1975? I remind you that these bonds were issued by government agencies, not by private banks; I remind you that officials ranging from the governor of New York, to the mayor of New York City, to the comptroller, on down to local bankers, apparently colluded in bringing New York City to bankruptcy and risking the savings of tens of thousands of people. What have you done to punish these malefactors? Where is evidence of your concern about huge overdrafts by the City of New York that have *not* been repaid?

Mr. Lance (continuing): And—I very nearly forgot. Senator Ribicoff, you are greatly exercised at the possible use of a private plane for political purposes. Have you in your four terms in the Senate undertaken any examination of the use of labor union facilities for the benefit of obliging public officials? Like yourself? Is it not true that you backed very recently a measure that would have used the people's funds to finance your own re-election campaigns? Not merely the funds of the depositors of the Calhoun Bank—but everyone's right down the line?

Mr. Lance (continuing): There is much ground to go over. But you should have time to return and reflect on these matters. We shall convene again on Monday. You may, if you desire, bring special counsel. The meeting is adjourned. □

ON CRUSHING RHODESIA

New York, Sept. 16—Those who believe that the United Nations is entirely irrelevant are correct up to a point. It is true that moral declarations issuing from the UN and bearing its moral pedigree are suspect, in the same sense that professions of virtue from political candidates are suspect. Mostly, UN declarations are filed away somewhere until the time comes to celebrate the anniversary of their passage, at which point they are trotted out. But every now and then the UN does concrete harm, Rhodesia being a case in point.

Lord Home, when he returned to Her Majesty's Government as Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1973, admitted that if the Conservative Party had been in power, it would not have gone along when sanctions were voted by the Security Council against Rhodesia in 1966. Why? Because, he said, he does not believe in sanctions except in extreme circumstances, and the Rhodesian situation was not an extreme circumstance. At the same time, Dean Acheson fiercely denounced the imposition of sanctions as clearly in violation of the UN Charter, inasmuch as the government of Rhodesia, having declared its independence of Great Britain, was on its own as regards internal arrangements. Or, if one took the position that Rhodesia did not have the right to break away from Great Britain, then it was still an internal affair—between Rhodesia and Great Britain—so long as there was no threat to international peace. There was no such threat of course. Just the same, Britain, in a fit of pique that would have great resonance, asked for, and got, sanctions.

Years went by, and last spring, seeking to tighten these sanctions, the Security Council voted to freeze all Rhodesian funds everywhere in the world (except those used to pay pensions). The idea was to immobilize the two or three Rhodesian Information Offices extant. Why? One would think that the mighty powers represented at the Security Council would have very little to fear from the tiny little offices in Washington whose annual budget is $200,000 and whose principal executive, Mr. Kenneth Towsey, has duly registered as an agent of a foreign power. What harm can he do?

Certainly Mr. Kenneth Towsey has been in a position to be useful to newspapermen who desire information about Rhodesia that isn't easy to get elsewhere. Needless to say, the Rhodesian Information Office makes the case for the Rhodesian government—that is its job. But in doing so it handles a great deal of material—stories, statistics, photographs, field accounts, notices of negotiations—which do not come in automatically from the world's press, and do not come in at all from the front-line press. When terrorists from Zambia descend on a Christian mission in Rhodesia and murder a few nuns, that information is not likely to reach us courtesy of the Zambian Information Service, and one cannot count on AP's being on the spot.

So when the resolution to freeze Rhodesian funds was offered, and U.S. representative Andrew Young voted in favor of it, a group of journalists addressed a letter to President Carter asking whether he intended to interpret that resolution as requiring him to freeze funds payable for the maintenance of the Rhodesian Information Office. Mr. Carter has, to this day, not answered their patient inquiry.

However, Mr. Hodding Carter III, Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs and Department spokesman, has now replied to an inquiry from someone in Corvallis, Oregon with the news that yes indeed, the State Department intends to freeze the Rhodesian currency, upon recommendation from the Treasury Department. "Although the Resolution was not specifically directed against informational activities," he writes, "the Rhodesian Information Office . . . clearly falls within the category of offices referred to in the Resolution."

On the question whether this deprives U.S. citizens of their First Amendment rights to find out what's going on, Mr. Hodding Carter is absolutely chirpy with optimism. "American citizens will still be able to obtain information about Rhodesia from other sources, including directly from the regime in Salisbury." American citizens may, in fact, prove better able to obtain information about Rhodesia from Salisbury than from the White House, given the long silence in response to the inquiring correspondents.

One would hope there would be some limit—somewhere—to the indignities the United States is willing to undertake in behalf of our blood-war against Rhodesia. Why don't we prohibit Americans from sending postcards to friends in Rhodesia? Perhaps after ascertaining that the addressee is white, instead of black? The UN when it is all over, will prove to the world that she has succeeded in breaking a butterfly upon a wheel. No doubt General Amin will attend the celebration. □

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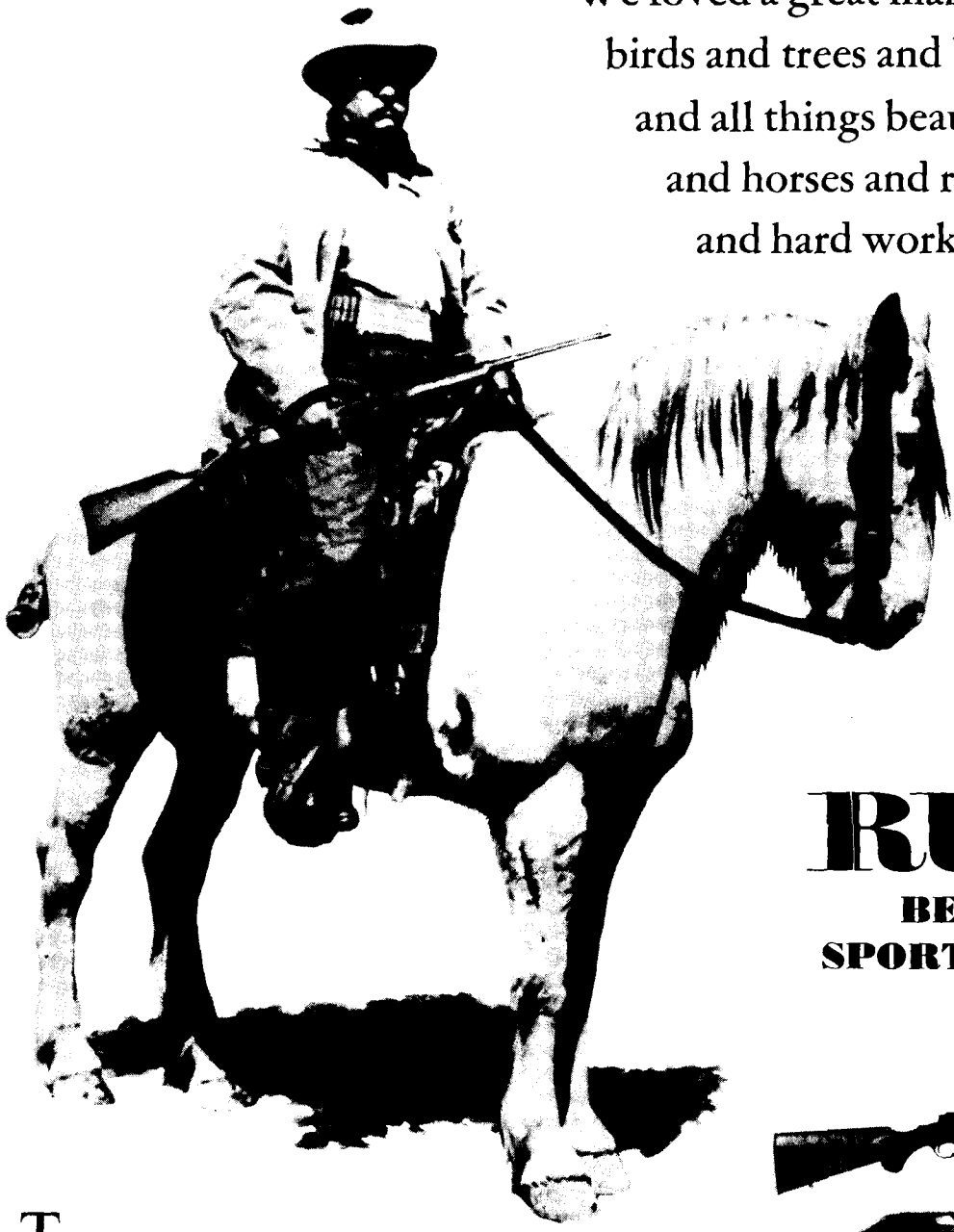
and all things beautiful
and horses and rifles and children
and hard work and the joy of life."

Theodore Roosevelt



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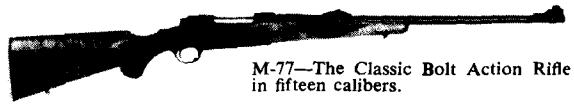

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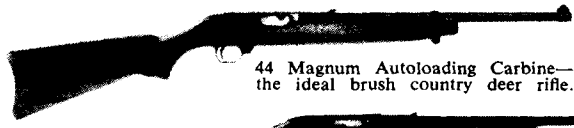

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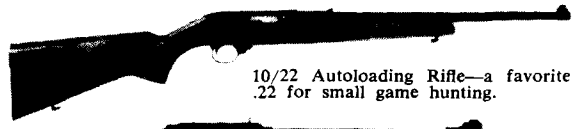

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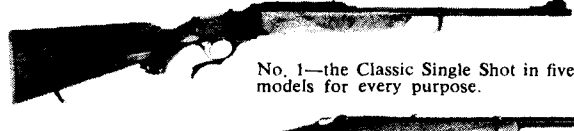

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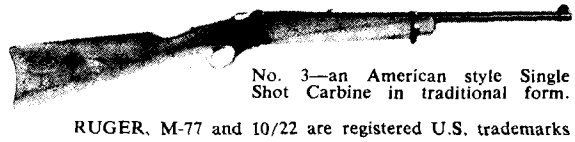

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Written assignments for school and college students — 118 6 122 13 21 30 162 181 192 70

B. Words spelled and pronounced like others *but differing in* meaning — 47 3 34 77 59 214 113 17

C. A senator from Louisiana, 1937-1972 — 55 187 40 65 4 199 105 174

D. An Indian who countenanced precipitation — 79 1 14 67 37 53 87 62 92 121 / 141 7 23

E. A being — 89 5 18 76 42 206

F. A type of weight measure — 93 54 211 52 119 196 48 101 123 138 / 146

G. Eats — 165 116 106 19 112

H. PETE HIT (anagram describing what Rose *did in World Series*) — 168 209 198 60 26 157 94

I. A glancing rebound — 20 27 46 58 73 88 95 8

J. A Tammany leader — 175 39 10 167 191 183

K. Legally dissolved a marriage — 179 41 144 189 158 98 203 212

L. Ready to take place — 195 205 153 63 28 164 36 12

M. A lake in Wisconsin — 202 145 78 149 150 177

N. Players in starting lineup for football — 45 155 197 117

O. A thin slice — 31 51 72 84 9 15 29

P. Part of a church — 75 33 208 178 193 80 169 43

Q. A radio term (part of it a horse racing term) — 61 24 71 85 102 127 137 159 166 68

R. Uninformed — 69 90 207 99 160 213 200 156

S. This could be sold by CABOT CO. — 107 125 180 186 81 135 128

T. A form of voting — 134 2 25 188 74 100 170 201 16 35 / 38

U. Tennis players — 140 82 204 210 132 91 171

V. The octopus — 185 151 190 83 44 129 111 96 148

W. A people of southern Africa — 110 154 97 130 184 126 142 173 147

X. What the road to the poorhouse is — 11 163 131 114 64 133

Y. A female ruler — 124 182 172 49 161 194 56 139 176

Z. A Greek letter — 108 104 143 50 152 136 115

a. To make another change — 22 32 57 66 86 103 109 120

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1196 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 D		2 T	3 B	4 C	5 E	6 A	7 D	8 I	9 O	10 J	11 X	12 L		13 A	14 D	15 O	16 T	17 B
18 E	19 G	20 I		21 A	22 a	23 D	24 Q	25 T	26 H	27 I	28 L	29 O		30 A		31 O	32 a	33 P	34 B
35 T	36 L		37 D	38 T		39 J		40 C	41 K	42 E	43 P	44 V	45 N		46 I	47 B	48 F	49 Y	50 Z
51 O		52 F	53 D		54 F	55 C	56 Y	57 a	58 I	59 B	60 H		61 Q	62 D	63 L	64 X	65 C		66 a
67 D		68 Q	69 R	70 A		71 Q	72 O	73 I	74 T	75 P	76 E	77 B	78 M		79 D	80 P	81 S	82 U	83 V
84 O	85 Q	86 a		87 D	88 I	89 E		90 R	91 U	92 D	93 F	94 H	95 I	96 V	97 W		98 K	99 R	100T
101F	102Q	103a	104Z	105C	106G	107S		108Z	109a		110W	111V	112G		113B	114X	115Z	116G	117N
118A	119F	120a		121D	122A	123F	124Y		125S	126W	127Q		128S	129V		130W	131X	132U	
133X	134T	135S	136Z	137Q	138F	139Y		140U	141D	142W	143Z	144K	145M	146F		147W	148V	149M	
150M	151V	152Z	153L	154W	155N	156R	157H	158K		159Q	160R	161Y	162A	163X	164L	165G		166Q	167J
168H		169P	170T	171U	172Y	173W	174C	175J		176Y	177M	178P	179K		180S	181A	182Y	183J	184W
185V		186S	187C	188T		189K	190V	191J	192A		193P	194Y	195L	196F		197N	198H	199C	200R
201T		202M	203K	204U		205L	206E		207R	208P	209H		210U	211F	212K	213R	214B		

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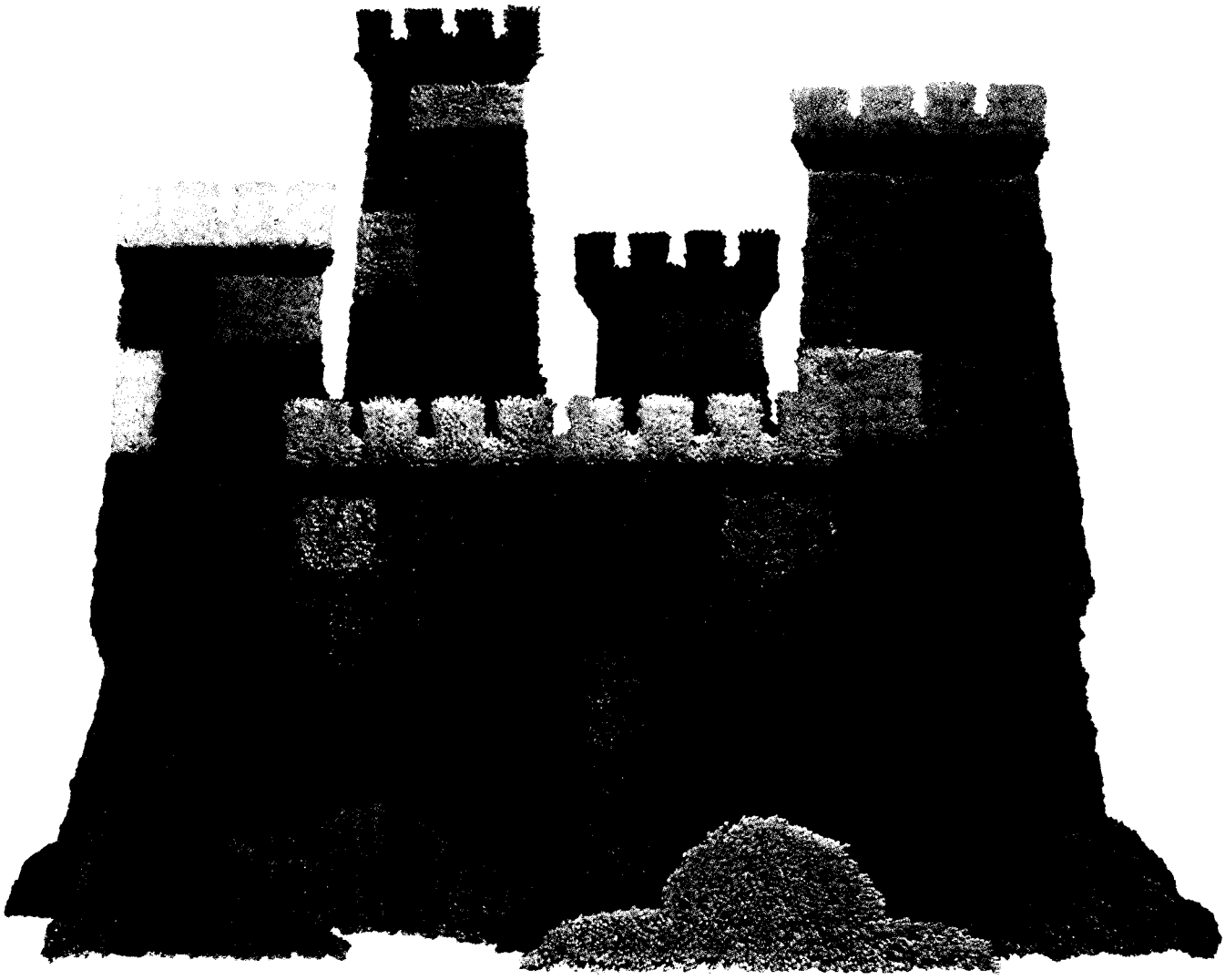

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